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FELIX NEFF, AND HIS LABORS.

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(SEE PLATE.)

Few men of our time have obtained more celebrity as faithful and indefatigable servants of Jesus Christ, than Felix Neff. His career was short, but glorious. He scarcely attained the age of Henry Martyn or David Brainerd; he was cut off before he had reached thirty-one years. His "sun went down whilst it was yet day." But, as the departing rays of the great natural luminary often leave the western sky gloriously illumined long after the splendid orb from which they emanate has sunk below the horizon; so the piety, the zeal, the amazing labors of Neff amid the frightful valleys of the Alps, have not ceased to shed their heavenly influence upon the world to this day. Destitute of the early advantages and the science of Henry Martyn, he was the equal of that wonderful man in natural talent and zeal, and far excelled him in energy of character. On the other hand, possessing the devoted piety and consuming passion for the salvation of men and the glory of God, which characterized the life of David Brainerd, he resembled him both in the shortness and the sufferings of his missionary career.

Felix Neff was born in a village near Geneva, in Switzerland, in the year 1798, and was educated in the pure doctrines of the Gospel by his pious mother, who was a widow. His disposition, even in early childhood, was serious,

so that he took more pleasure in contemplating the wonderful works of God which surrounded his native place, than in the boyish sports of his equals in age, or the vain amusements of the adjacent city. His delight, when disposed to seek relaxation from his studies, was to wander away to the Jura mountains on the one hand, or the Alps on the other, which elevate their lofty heads to the clouds on their respective sides of the magnificent valley through which flows the Rhone, expanding, in a part of its course, into the beautiful lake Lemman.

Under the kind instruction of the pastor of his native village, Neff made considerable progress at an early age, in Latin, Botany, History and Geography. The intervals between severer studies, were occupied in reading Plutarch's Lives of Grecian and Roman Heroes, and other works of a historical nature. To these were added some of the more fascinating of the popular French works of that day. In this way, a love of military and scientific distinction was created in his bosom, which probably had a great influence in giving him that decision and energy which formed so remarkable an element in his character in after life.

But as it was necessary that he should pursue some business for a livelihood, he was placed in the service of a nursery-gardener. This pursuit seems to have interested him, for

at the early age of sixteen he published a *Treatise on Trees*, which was exceedingly creditable to his talents, and attracted no inconsiderable attention towards its youthful author.

But his active spirit growing weary of the confinement of the narrow limits of an orchard, he entered, when in his eighteenth year, the military service of Geneva, as a private soldier. Two years afterwards he was made a sergeant of artillery, because of his theoretical and practical knowledge of mathematics. Soon after, he became pious under the preaching of the late M. Gonthier, one of the ten or fifteen young men who became converted about the year 1816, during the visit of the late Robert Haldane, Esq., of Edinburgh. M. Gonthier, after he had finished his studies, was chosen one of the Pastors of the Church in the Bourgedu-Four, now the Church of the Pellissierie, in Geneva.

Not long after his conversion, Neff deemed it his duty, after consulting with his religious friends, and especially the pastors of the Church which he had joined, to prepare to preach the Gospel. Accordingly, in the year 1819, he began to conduct and exhort religious meetings, as a candidate or licentiate, assisting the ordained ministers in and about Geneva, who desired his aid. Soon afterwards he began to labor in the same capacity in the Cantons of Vaud, Neuchâtel and Berne.

Three years were thus spent by this eminent servant of Christ. It was of little consequence to him that the office which he held was an humble and laborious one. It was enough that it gave him abundant opportunities for making known the blessed Gospel to perishing souls. The Lord smiled upon his exertions. Many persons, there is reason to believe, received spiritual benefit from his exhortations. The Memoirs of his life and labors, written by the Rev. Mr. Gilly and the Rev. Mr. Bost, record some striking instances of the success of his labors, one of the most remarkable of which was the conversion of a poor soldier, once his companion in arms, who, whilst intoxicated, had committed murder. Neff heard of his case, and visited him whilst lying in prison under sentence of death, and preached to him a crucified and merciful Saviour. Nor did he labor in vain for this wretched murderer; he had the pleasure of seeing him accept salvation, and become a "new creature in Christ Jesus." The sentence of death was commuted into that of imprisonment for life; and this now Christian convict lived to adorn the blessed Gospel, and

to labor to make others, his fellow convicts, acquainted with it.

In the year 1821, Neff, then in his twenty-fourth year, resolved to go into the south-eastern part of France, where there were but few Protestant pastors, and therefore greater need of an evangelist to visit the villages which were destitute of the regular ministrations of the Word. He was first invited to Grenoble, where he labored about six months in the capacity of assistant to a Protestant pastor.

From Grenoble he went to Mens, in the Department of Isère, to supply, as far as he could, the place of an absent pastor. Here he labored nearly two years, amid many difficulties, but with no unequivocal evidences of success. In M. Blanc, one of the pastors, he found a brother indeed, to whom he soon became strongly attached, and who still lives to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But the work which Neff had to do as an assistant was not well defined, and the most of the Protestants among whom he labored, were in a very cold state. His style of preaching, so fervid, so pungent, was unpalatable to them. Besides, his field was immense, for it embraced, in a sense, the whole Department of Isère, in which there were about 8,000 Protestants, scattered over a surface of nearly eighty miles square, with only three regular pastors to look after them, one of whom was now absent. To all the other difficulties which he had to encounter, was added that arising from the language spoken by the masses of the people. This language was a *patois*, or dialect, kindred to the Provençal, of which the French supplied but few terms.

But the perseverance of Neff triumphed over everything. He soon acquired a perfect knowledge of the dialect spoken by the people; his iron constitution enabled him to undergo fatigues which would soon have broken down an ordinary man. And such was the force of his eloquence, that it soon wore a way for him to the hearts of the villagers throughout the vast field of his labors. God smiled upon his exertions. He soon had the pleasure of seeing Christians stirred up to greater activity, souls dead in sins awakened to life, and the thoughts of many directed to the subject of religion. He availed himself of every opportunity of preaching the Gospel, both in the churches and in private houses. At funerals, and other extraordinary occasions, he failed not to call the attention of the people to their immortal interests. He collected the youth together and formed

classes of *Catechumens*, whom he instructed very much as Bible-classes are taught with us. Each scholar learned a few verses, and repeated them in turn. Afterwards a familiar exposition on the part of the minister followed. Portions of the catechism used in the French Protestant churches were also learned and recited.

Much of Neff's attention was turned to the task of teaching the villagers of his great parish, to sing psalms and other spiritual songs. Strange as it may seem to those who think the French a gay, laughing, singing, dancing race, Neff found that the lower classes in Mens and the surrounding villages, almost wholly, had not the least notion of music. He complains in one of his letters, that "they do not sing at all, neither well nor ill, no, not even songs." But he soon had the pleasure of seeing them not only begin to learn, but even to make great progress. And by means of religious songs and hymns, he caused divine truth to gain access to many minds into which it had not hitherto penetrated.

Neff's health was at this time excellent. It was well it was so, for otherwise he could not have undergone his wonderful labors. Read his own language: "With respect to my health, it is much stronger since I have been constantly in motion and making long excursions; although many of these are very fatiguing. For it often happens that I go several leagues,* and perform as many as four or five services in one day, especially on Sundays. I have not unfrequently been thus engaged, instructing or conversing, from five o'clock in the morning till eleven at night."

In the spring of 1823, Neff determined to seek a regular ordination as a minister of Jesus Christ. But where to obtain this, perplexed him not a little. As the clergy of the Established Church of Geneva, in which he had been brought up, and to which he was in heart, as well as by education, strongly attached, had almost all departed from the true faith, he could not bring his mind to seek it at their hand. He could not obtain it from the pastors of the Protestant Church in France, because he was a foreigner. He therefore went over to England, and was ordained in London, in the chapel of the Rev. John Clayton, by a council of Independent ministers. This occurred in the month of May. The confession which he made on that occasion, is a noble monument of the

soundness and clearness of his religious knowledge.

But his stay in the English metropolis was not long. He could speak little or no English, and he met with few persons v'ho could converse with him in French. Besides his heart was in the Alps, and he hastened back to enter upon his work. Great was the joy of the people. In some of the villages, the population came forth almost in a mass to bid him welcome; so great was the enthusiasm which this event inspired.

But he did not long stay in the Department of Isère after his ordination. The pastor whose place he had, in a sense, supplied, returned after a very protracted absence. He seemed to look upon Neff, if not as an intruder, yet as one who stood in the way of his successful reinstatement as a pastor. Neff, therefore, began to think more earnestly of laboring in the High Alps, a Department lying to the east of Isère, and extending up to the borders of Italy. To that elevated and forbidding region, he had long cast a wistful eye, as furnishing that missionary ground on which he longed to have an opportunity to labor. And soon were his wishes gratified. In the autumn of 1823, he received an invitation from the Protestant Churches in Val Queyras and Val Eressinière, to labor among them, and in the month of November he joyfully obeyed their summons.

But before we enter with him upon his new field, which was to prove his last, let us read the noble testimony which M. Blanc bore respecting him, contained in a letter dated December 1st, 1829, and consequently after the death of the devoted servant of Christ to whom it relates.

"About five months after the arrival of M. Neff at Mens, more than a hundred persons, principally heads of families, lamenting that he was not appointed to the station of assistant pastor, petitioned the Consistory to retain him under the designation of pastor-catechist, and offered to provide a salary for him, as long as they should have a farthing left. The Consistory nominated M. Neff pastor-catechist, on the 1st of June, 1822. Everywhere, in Mens and its environs, the name of our friend was never pronounced but with respect; and there were few who did not regard him as a saint almost exempt from sin. This was a subject of deep affliction to him, because he saw that they attached themselves too much to him personally, and too little to the Saviour, whose servant he was. He said to me one day with

* A league in France is nearly three English miles.

deep feeling, 'They love me too much; they receive me with too much pleasure; they eulogise me too much; indeed, they do not know me.' During the space of nearly two years, which he spent among us, he did a prodigious quantity of good. Zeal for Religion revived; a great number of persons began to think seriously of the condition of their souls. The Word of God was more sought after, and more carefully read; the catechumens were better instructed in their Christian duties, and gave proofs of it in their conduct; family worship was established in many houses; the love of luxury and personal vanity decreased; almsgiving was more generally practised, and the poor were not so numerous. Schools were opened in different places; and both in Mens and in our neighboring villages, everybody remarks a sensible improvement in the manners and industrious habits of the Protestants. In the short, but numberless labors of Neff, his indefatigable activity, and his instructions, will long be remembered at Mens, and his sojournment among us will be recorded as a signal blessing."*

But before we contemplate Neff as engaged in his labors among the High Alps, let us say a few words respecting that wonderful region.

The Department of the High Alps derives its name from the fact of its being within the region of that portion of the Alps which separates France from Italy. The two loftiest peaks, in this part of the mountain chain, are Mont Genevre in the north, and Mont Viso in the south. The latter is one of the most conspicuous mountains in Europe, and is seen from afar as one approaches it, whether from the valley of the Po, in Italy, or that of the Durance, in France. It is more than 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and far out-tops the surrounding ridges and peaks.

The city of Gap is the capital of the Department of the High Alps. And as one stands at that point and looks eastward, he will see Mont Viso rising up in the distance, on his right hand, and Mont Genevre on the left; whilst the region lying between him and those mountains, consists of nothing but successive ridges of peaks, covered in summer, with masses of brownish rocks, and in winter, with snow and ice. As thus seen, it seems to be wholly impassable to human footsteps, much less inhabitable by mankind. But in these mountain

gorges, the necessities of men, and especially cruel persecutions, have compelled them to find habitations on such spots as could be made capable of furnishing even a scanty and miserable subsistence.

In these mountain retreats, many who were persecuted for the Truth's sake found an asylum in all time past from the days of Marcus Aurelius in the second century to those of Louis XIV., and Louis XV. It was in this region, and in other valleys in the eastern side of the Alps in Piedmont, that the Waldenses, for fifteen centuries and more, maintained the true Faith—that martyr-people, who, after having suffered three centuries of vexatious persecution, endured three more of wars, in which the Dukes of Savoy and the Kings of France, at the bidding of the Pope, endeavored to extirpate them.

The Department of the High Alps is eighty-four miles in length, and fifty-seven in breadth. Before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, the Protestants dispersed through this mountainous region, had many pastors and churches; but after that event, during the period of 101 years which elapsed before Louis XVI. granted his Edict of Toleration, in 1786, these people were like sheep without a shepherd. Occasionally, but at long intervals, they were visited by the pastors of the Vaudois, or Waldenses in Piedmont, who at the risk of severe penalties, crossed the *Col de la Croix*, as the barrier ridge which separates their country from the High Alps is called, and endeavored to provide for their spiritual wants.

It was not until 1805 that the Protestants of the High Alps were enabled to have a Consistory. This body embraced two sections, those of Orpierre and Arvieux. The section of Arvieux (so called because the presbytery or pastor's abode is in the commune* of Arvieux), is in the eastern part of the Department, and consequently nearest to Italy. It embraces the Arrondissements of Embrun and Briançon. This constituted the parish of Neff, and consisted of seventeen or eighteen villages, occupying an extent of sixty miles from east to west. But owing to the windings of the mountains, nearly eighty miles must be traversed, in order to pass from one extreme point to the other.

Up to the appointment of Neff, this parish had never enjoyed for any considerable period

* Gilly's Memoir of Neff, pp. 74, 75; American edition.

* A Commune, in France, corresponds nearly with our town or township; an Arrondissement, like our county, embraces several communes.

the labors of a regularly appointed and resident minister of the Gospel. Henry Oberlin, a son of the celebrated Pastor of the *Ban de la Roche*, had preached for a few months to these scattered sheep. But death soon cut short his valuable life. He fell a sacrifice to his exertions among the Protestants in the south of France. The account of his dying moments forms a most beautiful episode in the Memoirs of his father. He died the 16th of November, 1817.

Neff's vast parish consisted of two great divisions, the *Val Queyras*, which lies in the east, and communicates with the Protestant valleys of Piedmont, by the pass of the Col de la Croix, that extends along the whole length of the river Guil, which falls into the Durance, and the *Val Fressinière*, which lies on the west, along a small stream that also flows into the Durance, about half way between Briançon and Embrun. The former embraces the villages, or rather hamlets of Arvieux, La Chalp, Brunichard, Sauberan, Pierre Grosse and Fousillarde, which stand on the banks of the Guil and its branches. The latter includes the hamlets of Chancelal, Palons, Violins, Minsas and Dormilleuse, which stand on the banks of the mountain torrent which pours its waters, as we have just said, into the Durance, together with the commune of Champsaur, separated from the Val Fressinière by a mountain and a glacier. In the Val Queyras, the Protestants have three places of worship—at Arvieux, San Veran and Fousillarde. Those of Arvieux and San Veran are twelve miles apart. In the Val Fressinière, there are two Protestant churches—at Violins and Dormilleuse; whilst in the adjoining commune of Champsaur, there is one church—at St. Laurent.

The abode of Neff was at first at La Chalp, a hamlet which stands a short distance east of Arvieux, in the Val Queyras. From that point, the field of his labors extended twenty miles south, and thirty-five miles north; whilst from east to west it stretched, including the necessary windings of the road among the mountains, nearly eighty miles! What a parish to superintend! And what ardor of zeal, as well as strength of physical constitution, were needed to carry a pastor through the toils necessary to the faithful oversight of the flock dispersed through such a frightful region!

We have been familiar with mountain scenes from our childhood. We have wandered, too, amid the Alps, both in Piedmont and in Savoy. We have found among the lofty ranges, in many places, very sweet valleys, clothed with

green meadows, and yellow fields of grain; whilst pleasant villages and hamlets marked them as isolated, but very agreeable abodes of men. Herds of cattle roaming in the rich pasturages, and innumerable flocks of sheep and goats browsing upon the mountain sides and skipping from rock to rock, give an animated picture of enjoyment.

But widely different is the scene in the High Alps, in Val Queyras and Val Fressinière. There, on the contrary, the valleys are, for the most part, dark and sterile. Alp rises above alp, and masses of rock, of appalling aspect, piled up, as it were, to the skies, block up many of the defiles and forbid further advance even to the boldest adventurer. "There," to borrow the language of Mr. Gilly, "the tottering cliffs, the sombre and frowning rocks—which, from their fatiguing continuity, look like a mournful veil, which is never to be raised—the tremendous abysses, and the comfortless cottages, and the ever present dangers from avalanches, and thick mists and clouds, proclaim that this is a land which man never would have chosen, even for his hiding-place, but from the direst necessity.

"Neff's Journal has noted the 16th of January, 1824, as the day on which he arrived at Arvieux, to take possession of the habitation provided for the pastor of the district. I have stated in more places than one, that a taste for magnificent scenery formed a strong feature in his character, and it never could have been more gratified than in his journey from Gap, through Guillestre to his new abode. The road from the latter is by the pass from the Guil; and in the whole range of Alpine scenery, rich as it is in the wonders of nature, there is nothing more terribly sublime than this mountain path. A traveller would be amply repaid in visiting this region for the sole purpose of exploring a defile, which in fact is one of the keys to France on the Italian frontier, and is therefore guarded at one end by the strong works of Mount Dauphin, and at the other by the fortress of Château Queyras, whose guns sweep the entrance of the pass. For several miles the waters of the Guil occupy the whole breadth of the defile, which is more like a chasm, or a vast rent in the mountain, than a ravine; and the path, which in places will not admit more than two to walk side by side, is hewn out of the rocks. These rise to such a giddy height, that the soaring pinnacles, which crown them, look like the fine points of masonry-work on the summit of a cathedral—while the projecting masses that over-

hang the wayfaring man's head, are more stupendous and more menacing than the imagination can conceive. Many of these seem to be hanging by you know not what, and to be ready to fall at the least concussion.

*'Quos super atra silex jamjam lapsura, cadentique
Imminet assimilis.'*

"Perhaps they have been so suspended for centuries, and will so continue for centuries to come; but be that as it may, enormous fragments are frequently rolling down, and as the wind roars through the gloomy defile and threatens to sweep you into the torrent below, you wonder what power it is which holds together the terrifying suspensions, and prevents your being crushed by their fall. Much has been related of the peril of traversing a pass on the summit of a mountain, with precipices yawning beneath your feet; but in fact there is no danger equal to a journey through a defile like this, where you are at the bottom of the Alpine gulf, with hundreds of feet of crumbling rock above your head. But terribly magnificent as this pass is, and though it must at other times have made a powerful impression on Neff's mind, his Journal does not contain a word either of its grandeur or its terrors. He forced his way through it in the middle of January, when it is notoriously unsafe to attempt the passage. Several travellers lose their lives here almost every year; but our pastor's anxiety to be at his post of duty was the strongest feeling that moved him, and he thought of nothing but the field of usefulness which was now before him.

"On issuing out of the depths of the defile, the frowning battlements of Château Queyras, built on a lofty projecting cliff, on the edge of the torrent, and backed by the barrier wall of Alps, which at this season of the year towers like a bulwark of ice between the dominions of France and the king of Sardinia, present a picture of the most striking magnificence. Everything combines to give an interest to the scene. In the far distance are the snowy peaks of Mont Viso, of dazzling white, and, in the foreground, the rustic aqueducts, composed in the simplest manner of wooden troughs, supported on lofty scaffolding, and crossing and recrossing the narrow valley, which form a striking contrast between the durability of the works of God's hands—the everlasting mountains—and the perishable devices of men. About a mile and a half on the Guillestre side from Château Queyras,

a rough path on the left conducts to Arnieux; and here a different prospect opens to view. The signs of cultivation and of man's presence increase; some pretty vales and snug-looking cottages please the eye; and in one spot a frail but picturesque foot-bridge of pines carelessly thrown across a chasm, invites the stranger to approach and inspect it. He is almost appalled to find himself on the brink of an abyss many fathoms deep, at the bottom of which a stream of water foams and chafes, which has forced for itself a passage through the living rock. The narrowness and depth of this chasm, and the extraordinary manner in which it is concealed from observation till you are close to it, form one of the greatest natural curiosities in a province which abounds in objects of the same sort.*

These extracts from the work of one who has seen the scenes which he describes, will give us some idea of the eastern portion of Neff's parish—the Val Queyras. Into every village of this portion of his field of labor his burning zeal soon carried him, regardless of the terrors which beset his path and of the cold to be endured. He did not rest three days at La Chalp, which was to be the place of his abode for the first part of his residence in the High Alps, before setting off to visit the higher villages in the valley of Queyras—Grosse Pierre, Fousillarde, San Veran, etc., which stand near the highest line of vegetation, and just on the confines of the eternal snows which mantle the summit of Mont Viso. From one village to another the love of Christ and of souls carried him almost without cessation. It is incredible how many visits he made during the first winter to every village of this portion of his parish, notwithstanding the long distances which he had to traverse on foot, amid the deep snow, and along paths which lay on the verge of frightful precipices, and beneath threatening rocks. Wherever he went he instituted Classes of Catechumens, Schools for learning to read and for singing, besides preaching the word "in season, out of season." His house at La Chalp was not often occupied by him. He was a stranger to the sweet comforts of home. He had no wife to share his sorrows and his joys. His happiness was found in doing the will of Him, who had called him to preach the Gospel of His Son.

Nor were his labors, so abundant, so judiciously directed, in vain. New life was infused

*Gilly's Memoir of Felix Neff, pp. 113—116; American edition.

into the little scattered companies of Protestants, the fading remains of the Waldenses who once inhabited these valleys as well as those in Piedmont.

It is remarkable that Neff found the most piety lingering among the inhabitants of the highest villages, those which are situated up in the forbidding regions which border on the highest range of the Alps, and where winter reigns eight months in the year. Of San Veran, he states in his *Journal*: "It is the highest, and consequently* the most pious village in the valley of Queyras; in fact, it is said to be the most elevated in Europe, and it is a provincial saying, relating to the mountain of San Veran, 'La piu alta ou l'i mindgent pan,' that is, it is the highest spot where bread is eaten."

Everywhere, especially in the upper villages, he was received as an angel of mercy. He preached the Gospel daily; he visited from house to house, praying with the sick, discoursing with those who were well on religious topics, and instructing the young, for whom he had a particular affection and care. His talents for conversation were wonderful; and no man probably ever excelled him in the aptness and force of his illustrations.

But it is time that we say a word about the other portion of his vast parish—the Val Fressinière. He was not long in making a visit to this portion of his field. He soon found that it stood in peculiar need of his labors. The people were poorer and more ignorant than in Val Queyras. This was emphatically the case with the people of Dormilleuse, the highest village in the valley of Fressinière. It was situated high up the side of the mountain, and faced the south. The access was by one path, which was very steep, and over which, in one place, a cascade projected its waters, so that those who ascended and descended passed between the falling sheet of water and the mountain side. In the winter this cascade created a vast mass of ice, which greatly augmented the difficulty of the ascent. A deep valley, or ravine rather, lay in front of the village, and the dark sides of a mountain rose beyond it and apparently at but a short distance from Dormilleuse.

The houses of this miserable village, which ever afforded a secure asylum for the poor persecuted followers of Christ, whether escaped from France or Piedmont,† are wretched structures of stone and mud, from which fresh air,

* A similar testimony is borne by the Waldensian pastors in Piedmont, respecting the parishes in their country.

† The Protestants of the Valleys of Piedmont

comfort and cleanliness seem to be utterly excluded. In comparison with this village and most others in the Val Fressinière, those in the Val Queyras are a garden. In San Veran and all the other villages of the latter, the houses are built of rough pine logs laid one above another (after the fashion of log-houses with us), and composed of several stories, which have a singularly picturesque aspect, and somewhat resemble the chalets in Switzerland, though much higher. On the ground-floor the family dwells, and oftentimes the horses, cows, etc., separated of course from the part occupied by human beings by partitions; hay and grain occupy the second story; whilst the third is given up to grain, to stores of bread-cakes and cheeses ranged on framework suspended from the roof. As it is the custom of the inhabitants of this country, as well as those in the valleys of Piedmont, to bake but once a year, they have need of considerable room for their loaves, or rather large cakes, of bread.

In his tour through Val Fressinière Neff preached in every village; and after having surveyed that portion of his field returned to Val Queyras. It took just twenty-one days for him to make the tour of his vast parish, and he must have had naturally a constitution of iron to do it within that period, at such an inclement season of the year. And yet this was the routine of his labor for several years.

It was not long before Neff found that his heart was leading him to make Dormilleuse his home instead of Arvieux, or rather La Chalp, a hamlet in its vicinity. Thither at length he removed. The view given in the frontispiece, will enable the reader to have some idea of his house at Dormilleuse. In that humble abode he not only resided when at home, but there also he collected every winter that he passed there, a class of young men whom he instructed in the branches necessary to qualify them to teach school and act as catechists. In this blessed employment he found great enjoyment, as well as in preaching the blessed Gospel. Nor did he confine his labors to his own parish, vast as it was; for he made a visit to the

and Dauphiny afforded each other mutual shelter," says Mr. Gilly, "when they were pursued by their enemies. Gilles relates an affecting incident of the refugees from Italy throwing themselves on the protection of their poor brethren of Fressinière in 1566, who most kindly received them, and shared their scanty pittance with them, fearless of the double peril of starvation and the vengeance of their common foe."

Vaudois or Waldenses in Piedmont, and caused the thunder of his eloquence to resound throughout their valleys. Nor have the effects of it ceased to be felt till this day. He was instrumental, under God's blessing, in commencing that resuscitation of true religion which has ever since been going forward among them.

But we must hasten to the close of the career of this wonderful man. He was not permitted to labor more than about three years and a half in the region of the High Alps, before his health gave way, and he was compelled to seek repose and restoration beneath the parental roof. Great was the distress of his poor dispersed flock at his parting from them. Nor is this to be wondered at. He had been a friend in the highest and best sense of the word to them. He had not only instructed them in the gospel, but in almost all the arts of civilized life, from the proper culture of their grounds, the planting of potatoes and some other vegetables of which they were almost wholly ignorant, to the proper irrigation of their meadows and fields. He had been everything to them. No man in the world, probably, could have had a greater influence over them. He had amazing powers of persuasion, and in some sense even of command. His early training had wonderfully fitted him for this. But his work was now done, and he returned to Geneva—to die!

After he reached that city, all that could be done by the ablest physicians was done, but in vain. He visited the baths of Plombières, where he received much kindness, as he did wherever he went. But all was in vain. He returned to his mother's house at Geneva, and left it no more. His sufferings were dreadful: owing probably to the use of coarse and unwholesome food during his residence in the High Alps, together with excessive preaching, often in confined and highly heated and crowded houses, and sometimes even in stables. His stomach had become so deranged that it would bear nothing without occasioning excruciating pain—so that he literally suffered greatly towards the last from hunger. Even a little whey, which was all that he could take in the shape of nourishment, gave him great pain. Madame Feller and other persons who were witnesses of his sufferings have told us that they never saw anything so distressing. And yet

amid all, his mind was tranquil—yea, full of joy. His large black eyes, to the last, beamed with intense expression, and his lips, when they could give utterance to his feelings, poured forth the praises of his Redeemer.

We have never read anything more touching than the account which has been published of his last days. His dying chamber was never empty. Many people came to see him. He felt deeply for his poor aged and feeble mother, whom he was about to leave, but whom he strove to cheer by his sweet words of consolation. "He made," says the author of the *Notice sur Félix Neff*, published at Geneva in 1831, "many presents to his friends, and set apart some religious books for many persons to whom he still hoped to be useful. After having underlined several passages, he thus wrote the address: Felix Neff, dying, to —."

"We have an indelible recollection of the last letter he ever wrote; it was a few days before his death. He was supported by two persons, and, hardly able to see, he traced at intervals, and in large and irregular characters which filled a page, the lines which follow, addressed to some of his beloved friends in the Alps. What must have been the feelings of those who received them, with the persuasion that he who had traced them was no more!

"Adieu, dear friend, André Blanc, Antoine Blanc, all my friends the Pelissiers, whom I love tenderly; Francis Dumont and his wife; Isaac and his wife; beloved Deslois, Emilie Bonnet, etc., etc.; Alexandrine and her mother; all, all the brethren and sisters of Mens, adieu, adieu. I ascend to our Father in entire peace! Victory! victory! victory! through Jesus Christ!"

FELIX NEFF.

He died on the 12th of April, 1829. At his grave, in accordance with his wish, his numerous friends who were assembled around it, sang the sweet hymn of M. Vinet, the concluding line of each stanza of which, is this:—

"Ils ne sont pas perdus, ils nous ont devancés."*

Such was the early end of this devoted, zealous, eloquent and successful minister of the Gospel. May God raise up many like him to labor in the great field of France, which is now "white unto the harvest!"

* They are not lost, they have gone before us.

MARY AT THE CROSS.

BY MISS MINERVA CATLIN.

AMID that gathering throng of vengeful men,
A pale-browed band of Jewish matrons stood
In all the anguish of impassioned grief;
Yet one amid that weeping train appeared,
Of noble mien—a being strangely bright
And fair, though girlhood's early grace had fled,
And the warm flush of maiden beauty gone;
Whose burning eye no cooling tear-drop dimmed,
For the hot fever-flame of speechless woe
Had scorched her soul and dried up every fount
Of healing wave.

No wail of agony
Her white lip moved, and yet the pallid cheek
And fervid glance betrayed th' unwonted weight
That pressed the life-blood from her bursting heart,
And sent it raging through her fevered brain.
Pale mother! on the cold and marble form
That writhed with more than mortal pangs she gazed,
Till the pure meekness of his holy look
Her unnerved spirit with sustaining strength
Girt up, and when the iciness of death
Was at his heart's life-stream—its cold spray drops
On his unsullied brow, one living spring
Of filial tenderness, unfrozen, gushed
And warmed the stagnant current of her veins;
For with a look of silent eloquence,
His pleading eye in sweet compassion turned
On one whose life's best heritage had been
The bleeding sorrows of his Lord to share,
And "Son, behold thy mother," fell like balm
Upon her withered heart; for felt she not
In the stern conflict of that fearful hour
How deep his love was rooted in her soul?
Oh! ye who lightly hold the nameless woes,
That wring the breast which nursed your infancy,
Go witness how a God, though shrined in dust,
'Mid all the horrors of that torturing hour,
When grasping from Perdition's wave a world,
Could put the gall-cup from his lip to smile,
And bless the lowly form that bore for him
The well-spring of maternal love.

And thou,
Pale mourner, drooping o'er the cheerless wreck
Of thy heart's earthly idol, or who pour'st
Thy bitter tears o'er half imagined woes,
Perchance, go learn a lesson of meek trust
From that unshrinking mother at the cross;
Who through the fearful elemental strife,
When paled and quenched the sun went out in blood,

And more than midnight blackness wrapped the sky,—
 When earth convulsive shook, and tombs released
 Their cold stark forms to walk the reeling earth,
 All fearless in her master's strength could stand,
 And yield—a sacrificial offering—
 Her first-born on the altar of the world.
 So learn thy wayward heart to subjugate
 And bow submissive to a Father's will,
 Till purged from every stain of earthly dross
 It shall be thine—life's ordeal passed, to wear
 The victor-crown of Heaven.

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Nor many wise men, not many noble, not many mighty are called, said the great apostle, when commenting upon the worldly standing of the early converts to Christianity; and with few exceptions, it has been true in all ages and countries that distinguished moral excellence has been found, not among the worldly great and honored, but in the humblest walks of life. Not to the biographies of nobles and princes, of kings and queens, must we usually look for illustrations of that religion which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, and whose chief ornament is a meek and humble spirit, but rather to the "cottage and the vale," to the ignoble and the unknown. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God has ordained strength that he might still the enemy and the avenger; and he has hid these things from the wise and prudent and has revealed them unto babes, even because it seemed good in his sight.

In examining history for the lives and characters of the long line of English Monarchs, what do we behold? Among them all, with two or three exceptions, can we select one exemplary religious, one decidedly benevolent character even, whose yearning sympathies regardless of all difficulty, like Howard's, went forth under irrepressible impulses of compassion and love to relieve and bless afflicted humanity? Where for one thousand years is there a Howard among her kings, or an Elizabeth Fry among her queens? England for centuries has been producing multitudes of minds of the first order of human excellence, intellectual and moral, but it is striking to observe how uniformly these minds have been drawn from the lower and often lowest classes of society, from the

bench of the shoemaker, the loom of the weaver, and other yet humbler occupations of life.

The young Queen now on the throne of England, must certainly be regarded as one of the very best specimens of royalty, if we can form any correct estimate of her character through the mass of adulation and incense offered her by the English press and people. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of sovereign, male or female, to be so universally and warmly beloved. The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George the Fourth, and heir presumptive to the British throne, was, a few years ago, the idol of the nation, the admiration and pride of high and low, rich and poor, and when Providence was pleased to remove her by an early death, there was scarcely a cottage in England that did not become a house of mourning.

Queen Victoria, who is a cousin of the Princess Charlotte, seems to have imbibed the spirit and disposition of that illustrious lady, as well as to have succeeded to her place in the affections of the nation. Both of them were born to the highest temporal heirship on earth, the sovereignty of the British Empire, stretching from sea to sea and from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same; both were trained amid all the luxury and pomp of a worldly court, and exposed to all the blinding and infatuating influences that can assail the heart, and yet both seem to have remembered that they were but part and parcel of humanity, and to have cultivated the kindly feelings towards their fellow beings without regard to rank in society.

It is difficult to determine how far religious principle may have sway over the conduct of

persons so differently educated from ourselves as the Royal Family of England. The standard of piety constantly exhibited there is so low, so much an affair of forms and outward observance, and of mere abstinence from heinous sin; and natural amiableness and kindness is so rarely distinguished from that love and its manifestations which are the fruit of the Spirit, that it is not easy to say whether religion has found a lodgment in the palace and the heart. In estimating the character of Victoria it would be difficult to find such evidence of evangelical piety, as would be regarded satisfactory in the case of any female in common life in this country. Indeed it is quite possible that the necessity of a change of heart to her personally is a truth that has never been deemed fitting for the royal ear by her spiritual advisers. Royal families have always been the worst instructed families, and we should not be surprised if the English Queen had been taught many other truths much more distinctly and thoroughly than the doctrine of human depravity, entire and universal, the doctrine of regeneration by the Spirit, and of salvation by grace alone.

And yet we discern occasional glimpses of a thoughtfulness, a sincerity, an earnestness in the path of duty, which speak loudly in her favor. The desire to be and to do right, as she understands it, manifests itself often as it would not in a mere worldling. She appears unwilling to shun her responsibilities as a woman, a wife, a mother or a sovereign. If report speaks truly, her late visit to Scotland disclosed many beautiful traits of character. Excellent common sense, a kind and amiable interest in others, a forgetfulness of self, are particularly manifest. She is evidently a reflecting woman, and for one of her years the faculties of her mind seem remarkably well balanced. It is surprising that in a country where the press is free even to licentiousness, and ever ready to catch up everything like scandal, we never hear of the queen

saying or doing a foolish thing. This indicates a very exemplary circumspection of manners. Her character, as it strikes us, may be summed up in few words. She is a woman of good sense, of good native principle, and of benevolent disposition. We would hope also that she is not an entire stranger to religious impressions and inclinations. She is by no means a brilliant woman; she has none of the masculine genius of queen Elizabeth, and it is probably for the interests of her kingdom that she has not. If she has little of the genius, she possesses also but little of the miserable vanity of Elizabeth, and is every way a far more interesting character.

It is chiefly as an example of domestic virtue in the most elevated earthly circumstances, that Victoria becomes an object of interest. Such examples have been "few and far between," a fact to be sure not to be wondered at when we consider that royal marriages have usually been based, not upon mutual affection, but upon "reasons of state." Victoria and Prince Albert married because they loved each other, and they are happy in each other and in the offspring with which Providence has blessed them, and in which they find their principal enjoyment.

The example of the Queen is a beautiful and forcible recommendation of the superior character of domestic enjoyment to any other of a temporal nature. With the whole range of worldly pleasure before her, she enters the little circle of home, and finds her happiness there. Her children and her husband are worth more to her than crown and kingdom and regal pomp.

Let the young wives and mothers in humble life consider this, and remember that all the trappings of royalty and all the wealth of a kingdom are shallow sources of joy compared with a virtuous and loving home, however homely and humble: and that this resource is theirs if they choose to improve it.

REMINISCENCES OF A COUNTRY CONGREGATION.

DRIVEN about for many and weary years on the world's wide sea, I have at last made harbor here in this goodly city of Gotham, better known as New York. But my heart turns often and fondly to that spot away up in the country, where my boyhood and youth were passed, where those dear to me are buried, where I first learned to read and to pray, where I thought to live and to die. It was in the old town of L——n, in the county of W——n, in the State of M——, and those who know not the geography of that part of the world, must be told that the town is a wide fertile plain, some ten or twelve miles across, circled with hills, watered by lovely and gentle streams, and peopled by a set of independent farmers, who are well to do for this world, and the most of them have been wise enough to make provision for the world to come.

It was in this town that I had my "bringing up," such as it was; this was the scene of a thousand youthful adventures in school-boy days, and of a thousand incidents of social and domestic life, that now come back to the call of memory, like the spirits of those we have loved, pleasant to meet again, but mournful as the truth comes with them that they are gone to return no more.

But there is little that is *mournful* to the reader in these sketches. He shall find nothing but pleasure in the reminiscences, and as I tell him of the "Old White Meeting House," and the "Minister and his family," and the "Elders and Deacons," and "a few of the neighbors," and then go abroad in the congregation and speak of the habits of the people, their business and amusements, and enter into their church matters, and mention the quarrel they had about the old minister, how they all loved him till one of them took offence at the truth and stirred up strife and drove him away, how they quarrelled about a new minister, *what* kind of a one they finally got, and how they have never been prospered since—as I go over all these and fifty other things, which these will suggest as we go along, the reader will not be tempted to the melancholy mood. We will keep clear of that, though we speak of serious things in a serious way.

I could spend some time in describing "our house," and the things in and around it, and it

might not be out of the way to do so, as the natural course to matters of more public interest. There was a stream close by the door that was my resort in the trout season, and there was a grove of pines but a short distance off, into which I often in childhood wandered alone, and long before I ever heard of Coleridge, or his Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni where he says,

"Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds,"

I had loved to sit down on the moss, and listen to the spirit-melody of the still air among the tree tops: sighing to my soul and saddening, I could not tell why, my young heart. There I used to think of communing with God and the spirits of the good in heaven, and in the solemn twilight of those deep shades, I had thoughts of loving and serving God which are now working themselves out in life's struggles, and will never be fully answered, till he who called me *then*, shall call me to himself. Then there was the old school house, and a hard set of boys, and I might spend an hour or a week in making chronicles of the first dozen of them that now leap up before the mind's eye, like young tigers, begging me to draw their portraits, and send them down the stream of time with these rough sketches. But the boys must wait. We have no room for them. Some of them will come in by the way, and we shall here and there set up a stone to the memory of some poor fellow, at whose fate we drop a passing tear. It is the religious life of the people that I want to bring out for the entertainment and instruction of those who may read, and unless I greatly mistake, the history will not be without its uses, although I feel full well that it will suffer much from the insufficiency of him who has ventured to be the historian.

THE OLD WHITE MEETING HOUSE.

So it was called, and by this name it was known all over the county. Not but that there were other white meeting houses in that region, but this was by way of eminence the White Meeting House, as the largest, and oldest, and most respectable, and when a political meeting, or general training, or a show, was to be held at the tavern opposite, the notice was

given that the gathering was to be at the White Meeting House corners, and everybody for a dozen miles around, knew at once where it was to be.

It was a large square building, with a steeple whose lofty spire gave me my first and strongest impressions of "amazing height;" and now as I look at "Trinity" here in Broadway, and the men dwindled into dwarfs on its all but "cloud-capt towers," it does not look half as tall as that steeple, with a fish for a weather-cock, wheeling in the breeze. How often have I lain on "the green" in front of that church, and wondered how in the world they ever got that fish away up there; or who hitched the lightning rod to that spire, and how any one ever dared to shingle the roof of that awful steeple almost to the very summit. And sometimes in the night when I had "bad dreams," I fancied that I was clasping that steeple in my little arms, and sliding slowly down, the steeple widening, and my hold relaxing, till at length down I came, down, down, and just as I was to strike the ground, I would wake in terror, and be afraid to go to sleep again, lest I should repeat that terrible slide.

The church had square pews, with high partitions and sash-work between, which were great inlets of amusement to the children who would be always thrusting their arms through, and sometimes their heads, in the midst of sermon, but more particularly in prayer-time, for then they were more likely to escape observation. These square pews the minister always was free to say he regarded as an invention of the devil, and there was some reason to believe that the devil had the right to a patent. As half of the congregation must sit with their backs to the preacher, it was customary for the parents to place the children in this position, and it is easy to see that thus situated, it would be next to impossible to secure their attention to the services of the sanctuary. Of course the devil would be pleased with an arrangement which so effectually prevents the young from becoming interested in divine truth, and I do not therefore wonder at the good minister's notice of the origin of the plan.

The pulpit was like unto an immense barrel supported on a single post. Its interior was gained by a lofty flight of steps, and the preacher once in possession, had certainly a most commanding position. I can recollect often thinking how easy it would be with a saw to cut away the pillar on which this old pulpit tottered, and then what a tremendous crash it

would make, coming down with the minister in it. And this reminds me of one of the minister's boys, an arch rogue, about five years old, who was so much in the habit of misbehaving in meeting, that he had to be punished often and soundly but with no sanative consequences. His father threatened frequently to take him into the pulpit with him if he did not behave better, but the youngster never believed that he was serious in the threat, or if he was, Dick had a very natural idea that there was as much chance for fun in the pulpit behind his father's back, as there was in the pew before him. At length the pastor was as good as his word, and one Sunday morning, to the surprise of the people, he led his roguish boy up into the pulpit, and proceeded with the service. Richard began to be uneasy, but remained comfortably quiet until the long prayer began; then he fidgeted up on the seat, and peaked over upon the congregation below; and, finally as a sudden thought struck him, he threw one leg over the pulpit, and there sat astride of the sacred desk, drumming with his little heels upon the boards. The good pastor was at prayer, and could not turn aside to dismount his hopeful boy, but between his fears that the child should fall, and the indications of mirth among the young folks in the church, the minister had more than he could do to keep his thoughts on the service, and he therefore speedily brought his petitions to a close, and seized the youthful Richard in the midst of his ride. We never saw Dick in the pulpit again, and a marked improvement in his manners gave us reason to believe that certain domestic appliances were resorted to, which have the recommendation of the wisest of men, as useful in cases of this desperate nature.

The old church was the haunt of swallows that built their nests under its eaves; and it was no unusual thing for one of those swift-winged birds to dart into the open window on a summer Sabbath, and by some strange perversity, to persist in flying everywhere but out of the window again, till wearied with flying to and fro it would light on the sounding-board over the minister's head. These gyrations were quite an amusement to the children, and I remember that on one of these occasions, the same young Richard, who has already been introduced, thought he had hit upon something smart when he turned up the 84th Psalm in Watts:

"And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest."

But that pulpit or that house was no place for mirth. Never in all the wanderings of after life, in splendid temples, where the wealth of princes has been lavished, to make honorable the house of God, where the stained windows shed dim religious light over the solemn courts, and the great organ poured its deep thunders on the ear, never there, or elsewhere, have I seen or heard so much of God as in that old white meeting-house. It was a *plain* house, it is true. Except the pulpit and the front of the gallery, the whole interior was innocent of paint, and the bare floor rung under the heavy tread of the substantial farmers as they came up the narrow aisles, with their horse-whips in their hands; and they were a plain people in that church; some of them in hot weather sat with their coats off, and some stood up in sermon-time when they became drowsy by sitting; it was all the plainness of a country congregation in a country meeting-house; but *God was there*. I have heard Him in his preached word, when the strong truths of the gospel were poured with energy from that sacred desk, not in enticing words of man's wisdom, but with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. I have felt Him when the Holy Ghost has come down on the congregation as on the day of Pentecost, and strong men have bowed themselves under the mighty influence of subduing grace.

But all these I shall have occasion to speak of hereafter, when the minister and his preaching and its fruits come up in review.

THE OLD GRAVE-YARD.

In the rear of the meeting-house was the grave-yard, and all my early recollections of death and the grave, are associated with that quiet and solemn spot. It was a large enclosure which had never been laid off in "lots to suit purchasers," but a decent interval was left between families, and all came there on common ground. A few pines of a large growth were scattered in it, and with the exception of here and there a rose bush, the place was unadorned. But it had attractions. For every Sabbath day, during the interval of divine worship, the people from a distance, who remained at church, "bringing their dinner" with them, were in the habit of walking among the tombs, meditating upon themes suggested by the inscriptions they read upon the headstones, and speaking to one another of the virtues of those whom when living they had known and loved. And often of a summer Sabbath evening, the

young people would stroll into the yard, the gate of which was always left open on the Sabbath, and at such time there was never heard the slightest indication of levity or irreverence for the holy day.

But observance of the Sabbath was a strongly marked feature of that place and people. A simple fact will show the state of public opinion on this subject. On one occasion, several young men, chiefly from some mechanical establishments lately set up in the neighborhood, not having the fear of God or the laws of man before their eyes, made up a party and went off to the mountains to pick whortle berries. The minister and a few of the good men held a consultation, and it was determined to put the statute of the State into execution and make an example of them, to prevent the pernicious influences which might result to the whole community, if such a flagrant breach of morals were suffered to go unpunished. Accordingly the whole party were arrested, brought before Squire Jones, and fined one dollar each. There was no help for them, and they paid the fine; but they watched the opportunity for revenge. And it soon came in a small way, for on the next Sabbath afternoon they saw the Squire's daughter, a fine girl of seventeen, in the garden picking a few currants, and they complained of her to her own father, had her arrested, and the fact being too clearly established by proof to admit of any evasion, the Squire was compelled to impose the fine and pay it himself! This was quite a triumph for these low fellows, who, however, were very careful not to go after whortle berries on the Sabbath again. But this is wandering out of the old grave yard.

There was a simple beauty and solemnity in those country funerals that I have not observed for years. A death in the country is a widely different event in its relations and effects, from one in the city. The other day I observed an unusual gathering at the house of my next door neighbor, a man whom I had never known even by sight. Presently a hearse stood in front of the house, and I soon learned that it had come to take away the body of my neighbor to his burial. It was sad to think of, that I could have been living with only a thin wall between me and a brother-man, who had been for weeks struggling with disease, and who had finally sunk in the arms of death, while I had never even *felt* the tenderness of sympathy with him or his, in the days and nights of suffering and sorrow which they had known. Yet

so it is in this city. Your nearest neighbors are utter strangers, and may sicken and die and be buried, and you will know nothing of it, unless you happen to be at home when the hearse comes or goes. It is not so in the country. There in L—, when one was sick all the neighbors knew it and felt it; kindness, like balm, fell on the heart of the sufferer from every family near, and when death came, solemnity was on every heart. All the countryside, from far and near, without being invited, came to the funeral, and filled the house and the door-yard, and when the services were concluded, the coffin was brought out in front of the house, and the multitude were permitted to take a farewell look of the departed. Then the remains were borne away to the grave, followed by a long train, not of hired carriages, but of plain wagons filled with sympathizing friends, and the procession moved on slowly and silently, often many miles, to the place of burial. As it reached the yard, those who lived near, would drop in and join the crowd that was now gathering at the open grave, and the children of the neighborhood, especially, were sure to be present at such times. Frequently have I been deeply moved by the scenes around those graves—for there in the country, nature revealed itself in its simple power—and the deep but half-stifed groan that has come to my soul when the first clods fell on the coffin, was as if they fell on the warm breast of a sleeping friend. We see no such funerals here in this great city—itsself a mighty charnel house. We take our dead to the narrow cemetery, and for thirty pieces of silver purchase the privilege of putting the precious dust into a great cellar. Some time ago, a friend of mine wanted to remove the ashes of his wife from one of these receptacles, and he applied to the keeper for that purpose; the man objected on account of the time that would be consumed in the undertaking; my friend offered to defray all the expenses, and reward him liberally besides, but it was of no avail; and he was finally told that it would be impossible ever to find or recover the remains. These are city burials. Rural Cemeteries are now becoming more fashionable(?) in the neighborhood of cities. Let them be encouraged. Dust we are, and when we die let us go back to our mother's bosom and rest there till mortal puts on immortality.

This last thought reminds me of the great excitement which once pervaded the community when it was reported that a grave had been violated in that peaceful yard, and the lifeless

tenant carried off by the doctors. The appearance of the grave led to suspicion that there had been foul play; it was examined, and the suspicions were found to be too true. The body of a girl some fourteen years of age, of respectable family, had been stolen from the sepulchre to be cut up and made into a "nat-omy," as the people expressed it. The whole town was aghast. Such an outrage had never been heard of in that part of the world, and the good people could scarcely believe that such monsters lived, as men who dig up corpses to hack them in pieces. They met in righteous indignation, and appointed a committee of investigation, who never gave sleep to their eyes or slumber to their eyelids till they got upon the trail of the hyenas. They never rested till the perpetrator of the deed was in prison, and the instigator—Dr. —, who escaped by some flaw in the indictment—was compelled to remove from the town.

These events naturally led to great apprehensions respecting other graves, and many were searched by anxious friends, who now watched the tombs with more vigilance than did the guards set over the holy sepulchre. The impression became very strong that a certain grave had been robbed. It was the grave of a lovely woman, the wife of a drunkard, and the fact that he was dead to all feeling, and consequently would not be likely to care what became of the body of his wife, seemed to confirm the grounds of suspicion, and finally it was determined to make the examination. It was the afternoon of a warm day in the midst of summer when I, a mere child then, was attracted into the yard by seeing a number of men around a grave. I soon learned what was going on, and creeping between the feet of those who were standing nearest, I was soon immediately over the head of the grave which they had now opened down to the coffin. Having cleared off the earth and started the fastenings of the lid, which were all found secure, they raised it, and the full light of the sun flowed upon the most horrid spectacle which my eyes before or since have seen.

"Corruption, earth and worms" were there.

I waited not for a second look, but ran from the spot in awful terror, and have, from that time, had an image of "death's doings" which I never could have obtained but for the loathsome revelations of that grave-yard scene.

These are not the things that I intended to record of that hallowed spot. Yet they are,

perhaps, among the most vivid impressions that I retain of it; unless it be my fears to pass it alone after dark! And I should as soon have thought of setting fire to the church, as of *playing* within the enclosure. I looked upon it with reverential awe as "God's acre;" and I wish with all my heart that that feeling of re-

gard for sacred places, and times, and things which we felt in our childhood, might return. It had its faults and its weaknesses, but *they* were better than the care-for-nothing, dare-devil spirit of the rising generation now-a-days. But I shall have more to say of this hereafter.

SIGH NOT FOR THE OLDEN TIME.

BY T. B. READ.

Go, sigh not for the youthful world,
Its days in bye-gone time;
But proudly think the heart should be
The manlier in its prime.

The hills, the vales, the streams and skies
Are lovely now as then;
And God's own image still is stamped
Upon the sons of men.

The olden time, the olden time,
A theme for idle hours,
A dusky sea but dim descried
From Fancy's lofty towers

Oh, sigh not for the dark'ning past,
A tide betinged with blood,
But earnestly look up toward
The future stainless flood.

The past too darkly chronicles
The sway of sword and fire;
Where hot religious zeal, too oft
Hath lit the martyr's pyre.

Behold where grey old Cranmer fell,
By traitors base consumed;

And weep o'er Anne Boleyn's fate,
The beautiful, but doomed.

Yes, see where tyrants' treacheries
The bloody annals swell;
Nor turn, 'till on the guillotine
Thine eyes have feasted well.

The days of old, the days of old,
Oh, sigh not to recall,
Nor dream of retrogression, while
The Lord is God of all.

Or if thou fain wouldst turn and sigh
Still for the olden time,
Oh, pray that we may never know,
Such days of blood and crime.

The past, a shadow lost in shade,
No cheering hope affords—
The living present is our own,
To-morrow is the Lord's.

Then pray that when to-morrow's sun,
Its banner hath unfurled,
Thy heart may beat more righteously
And in a better world.

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER AT CAIRO.

It was midnight when he died. Day after day, week after week, we had watched him with the sad fear that he was fading away. Daily his cheek had grown paler, his eye brighter, and yet the spirit which was consuming its frail prison-house, was unchanged save to grow stronger when the flush of fever was on his brow. His had been a strange life, and his death was like unto it. He came among us unknown, except as the famed traveller who was to make known the secret things of the upper Nile. His body was weak but his heart was strong, and he was looking forward to researches in that unknown country with all the enthusiasm his spirit was capable of. A few days, and we began to discover the treasures of that soul, rich in the stores of a hundred lessons in the school of life. He told of adventures in every clime, from sunny Greece to the islands of the Pacific. He had struggled long and surmounted many obstacles, fought many hard fights with poverty and scorn; and all for Fame. It was his dream when a school-boy, and it clung to him in life. It was not wealth, it was not pleasure, that had wooed him to our land rich in the lore of ages.

Had he sought antiquity? It was before him. Temples whose ruins had grown old, long before the Parthenon had whitened the Acropolis—Pyramids that were "baptized to immortality in the deluge"—Obelisks that had pointed their taper fingers upward to the God of Egypt when the Pharaohs shrank from his withering curse. Halls that in their labyrinthine wanderings so awed the sage Herodotus that he went to the grave bowed down with the weight of their awful mysteries.

But the young American looked not long on these. Awhile he paused on Elephantina; and awhile sat silent and thoughtful in Apollinopolis. He held communion with the gathered ages, beholding their record on the pillars of Thebes and Carnac. But he turned from them; and lying beside the Nile, his heart went forth upon its waters. "The Pyramids are time-worn and hoary," said he, "but the Nile rolled here long before the shadows of the royal tombs lay on its waters. Kings have lived and died, and the heedless river rushed on. I have sought knowledge in the past, even where my faint call for light was lost in the roar of the deluge, and imagination itself, like the dove

from the ark, has found no resting-place save it be a writhed and broken limb that has floated down, the only earthly record of the years before—but I found it not there more than my fellow man had already. I sought it in myself, but was lost in the dark tide of passions in my own soul. I sought it in books—but I must know something new. I must add to the sum of human wisdom. Before me rolls the father of rivers, whose waves have been waked with the war-cry of the Shepherd Kings. I will know whence he comes, and over what sands he has passed in his wanderings. And when, ages hence, men stand beside the river of Egypt, they shall speak of me." His ear caught the roar of the cataracts, and he was in haste to be gone.

It was then, in the spring of his hopes, that strength suddenly forsook his limbs, and the pilgrim lay down to rest. It is hard to die in youth. Hope has a fair face, and life's lessons come not yet harshly. Memory has become the sepulchre of few dead affections, and the living are very strong. The thoughts go not wearisomely through the mind; and the smile of joy has not yet withered. Yet, sustained by a high faith, and trusting in Him who died for him, the young American murmured not; but yielding the hopes of his warm heart, lay down in a convent, once the palace of a noble, and there his pilgrimage ended.

How had that heart been bound by the spell of Fame? The island-home of his mother had been almost forgotten. Her voice sounded faintly in the ear of her wayward boy. The world had been his mother; and a bitter nursing was his. He had stood in palaces often since he left his mother's cottage. Often had his voice held princes in listening pleasure. But a few days before the sudden attack which brought him to his grave he had written a letter to his noble patrons expressive of the highest hopes and most daring ambition. Now came back to him dreams of his childhood, a thousand happy thoughts of innocent days on the banks of the Connecticut, or the shore of Nassau, mingled sadly with the crushed hopes of a high heart. His last sickness was brief, although he had long been feeble. A few days, and his time was spent. He would lie for hours in the intervals of his pain, his quick gaze wandering restlessly from pillar to pillar, tracing out the

hieroglyphics on their carved shafts until his brain was maddened and he would break out eloquently, but wildly, in passionate exclamations. Sometimes a fitful frown appeared on his usually calm face, and he muttered something of harshness—and again among words of unknown import in strange tongues, that he used often when sleeping, a smile would steal over his face and the American dreamed of his own bright home.

It came at last. The hour of rest was drawing nigh to the weary spirit. It was ready.—The sun went down gilding the top of Cheops, then fading for ever from the eye of the departing. A few, a very few gathered around to cheer him in his last convulsive struggle with the phantom that had wiled him, that soul-winning Ambition. The monks would have prayed beside him, but he trusted not in their faith; and looked calmly upward, knowing that he was going home. Awhile his mind wandered, and it was evidently revelling in other lands and brighter scenes. Then again a gloom settled on his face, and he spoke sternly, but inaudibly. The faint gush of the river along its banks rous-

ed him, and his spirit struggled bitterly within him. "It has come! The hour I have so dreaded, yet so longed for. I must die, but that were nothing. I must be forgotten! I could have died calmly a month hence had I but time to leave my name beside that spring I have fancied in the desert, that unknown source of the Nile. But it cannot be. I have grasped at a Phantom—I have pursued it, and it was always near me. Now hope is crushed—and I am nameless. It were mine to-morrow—but to-morrow is not mine. This is death. I shall never see you again, my mother. Never again feel your hand on my forehead, or hear your blessing on the wayward one. Never again hear the surf-roar of Long Island. But the soul may mount to its God as well in Egypt as in America; and I shall sleep quietly enough beside the Nile. Now, dream of my vain spirit—now, chain that has so long bound me, I am free! Friends! Thanks for your love, and farewell. Mother! was that your voice? I heard a church-bell then! It calls me to the house of God." His eye closed, and silence was on the eloquent lip for ever. W. C. P.

A WISH.

BY ADELIA MORTON.

I do not seek a glittering gem,
Or jewels with their sparkling rays,
Nor do I wish the diadem,
Which in the hall of grandeur lays;
Oh, not for me is all the pride
That ever filled a regal hall,
Where pomp and pageantry abide,
And joy sends forth his welcome call.

I do not seek a world-renown,
As wide as tongue can sound my name,
Or all the honors that can crown,
The child of genius or of fame;

I do not live in golden dreams,
Of boundless wealth or earthly bliss,
Nor doth my fancy bathe in streams,
That spring from fountains such as this.

I know of naught this world can give,
With all its frail alluring toys,
For which my spirit seeks to live,
In hopes to share its richest joys;
But I would seek beneath the Cross,
To gain from Heaven a brighter part,
And casting off Time's worthless dross,
Obey the word—BE PURE IN HEART.

NYPHÆA ODORATA.

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

CLASS, Polyandria—order, Monogynia. Natural order of Linnæus, Succulentæ; of Jussieu, Nymphæacæ.

Generic Character. Calyx, from four to seven-leaved; corol monopetalous, equalling the length of the calyx, petals attached to the germ below the stamens; stigma, broad, disk-like, marked with radiated lines; pericarp, berry-like, many-celled, many-seeded.

Specific Character. Leaves, round, heart-form, sub-emarginate; lobes, widely spread, acuminate, obtuse. There is a variety, *rosea*, which has its petioles, peduncles and leaves, of a purplish color on the under side; leaves with divaricate and acute lobes.

The *Nymphæa minor* has its leaves cordate and entire, with prominent veins and nerves beneath; peduncles and petioles rather hairy; stigma from sixteen to twenty rayed. Flowers smaller than the preceding species—perhaps a variety of it.

The *Nymphæa lutea*, or, according to Prof. Eaton, the *Nuphar advena*, the yellow water lily, is only a little inferior to the white species in point of elegance, but its flower is smaller and inodorous. Lindestolpe informs us that, in some parts of Sweden, the roots were used as food in times of scarcity, and proved both wholesome and nutritious.

Some exotic lilies bear a striking resemblance to our water lilies in their general appearance, properties and some of their habits. The *Nymphæa lotus*, Egyptian lotus, is an aquatic plant, and a native of both the Indies. The root is conical, firm, about as large as a middling sized pear, and set round with fibres. It is sweet to the taste, and when roasted or boiled, the inside becomes yellow like the yolk of an egg. It grows in abundance on the banks of the Nile, where the poorer classes gather it for food, and they collect enough in a short time to supply their families for several days. The *Nymphæa nelumbo*, Pontic, or Egyptian bean, grows on marshy grounds in Egypt and some of the neighboring countries. Its fruit is eaten by the inhabitants, and is a tonic and astringent.

Our plate represents the White Water Lily, or Pond Lily. The generic name, *Nymphæa*,

is derived from *νύμφαιος*, pertaining to nymphs, who were supposed to inhabit pure, transparent water. The plant is so called because it really exists where those ideal beings were supposed to; or, perhaps, from the circumstance of its rising above the surface of the water in the day-time, and sinking beneath it again at night. This fact certainly renders the water-lily a curiosity. It grows in fresh water of considerable depth, generally a pond or lake; the roots are very firmly fixed at the bottom; the leaf and flower-stems mount upward to the surface, where the broad, green leaves continually float. Early in the month of July the blossoms appear. In the morning, the flower-bud rises upon the water—truly nymph-like—and gradually opening its calyx and unfolding its petals, is fully expanded at mid-day—but almost as soon as the sun begins to decline, the flower also begins to close; and when the shadows of evening steal over the lake, the blossom becomes a bud again, and the coiling stem draws it under water. This operation is performed for several successive days, till the stamens and pistil have had time to fulfil the task assigned them—that of perfecting the seed. What adds greatly to the interest of these fairy-like flowers is that their fragrance is aromatic and exquisitely agreeable; hence the specific name *odorata*, from *odoratus*, sweet-smelling or perfumed. The leaves of this species are of a rich, deep green color, and are larger than those of any other American plant.

This plant is pretty common in ponds, and lakes, and marshy pools in the United States, and also throughout Great Britain and some other parts of Europe.

Let the lovers of Nature, who in mid-summer visit Saratoga Springs in search of health and recreation, also visit the beautiful Saratoga Lake, whose broad patches of water, a quarter of a mile or more in extent, are covered with these lovely water-nymphs, with here and there smaller portions of the gay and smiling yellow-lily tastefully interspersed, and they will almost believe the view to be one of enchantment.

The celebrated Hooker, one of the most emi-

ment botanists of the present age, in his *Flora Londinensis*, writes thus concerning the White Water-Lily.

"This truly beautiful plant, which may vie with the most splendid productions of the tropics, is familiar to every one, how little soever skilled in scientific botany, as an inhabitant of still pools and sluggish streams in almost every part of Great Britain. But it is in the little bays and inlets, the quiet recesses of the Alpine lakes, that it is seen in the greatest perfection. On the banks of Loch Lomond, I have beheld acres literally covered with this lovely plant, which almost conceals the water with its large, dark green, floating leaves, these again forming an admirable contrast to the pure white of the blossoms, which rise just above them. In Holland, perhaps, only, does the *Nymphaea*, there called the White Rose of the Waters, occur in greater profusion, where the canals are bordered and almost choked with it for miles; and its increasing so rapidly as to impede navigation,

is only prevented by the practice of cutting down the stems of the water-lilies twice every year. This plant blossoms in the summer months, and the flowers are fully expanded in the middle of the day, closing in the afternoon, and sinking somewhat below the surface of the water during the night, which last fact, long reported, has finally been verified by Sir James Smith.

"Very similar to this species in the flower, but differing from it in the toothed leaves, is the *Nymphaea Lotus*, the Lotus of the Egyptians, by which people, as well as by the natives of India, it is held so sacred that the latter were seen to prostrate themselves on entering the study of Sir William Jones, where a flower of it chanced to be lying. The seeds, as well as the roots, are said to be eaten in those countries. From the leaves and flowers, Sturm, in his *Deutschland Flora*, assures us that the Turkish ladies prepare an agreeable drink."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Rise, Heavenly Muse! Inspire my song,
The theme is worthy of thine aid;
'Tis worthy of the radiant throng,
Whose brightness o'er thy courts invade.

Tune then my notes, bespeak my powers,
And with thy magic potent sway,
Incline my soul to while the hours
In tracing here the sacred lay.

The theme I sing surpasses all
That Poet's plume has ever penn'd;
It folds us in its circling thrall,
And bids our thoughts to Heaven ascend.

Hark! heard I not a swelling cry,
Which rent the spacious globe around,
A voice which pierced the earth and sky,
In rapturous and joyful sound?

Methinks I heard some voice proclaim
In pleasing strains the wondrous theme,
That Love and Mercy's gracious name
United in a glorious scheme!

Yes! 'twas the song of angels, borne
From distant regions far above;
No longer grieve, no longer mourn—
The burden of their song was Love!

Hark! heard ye not that pleasing sound?
It strikes mine ear, it seals my breath,
A "bright and morning-star" is found,
It rises o'er this vale of death!

Ah, yes! the Angel seraphs sing
A song more sweet than tongue can tell;
In praise of Heaven's new-born king,
Their harps they tune, their voices swell.

Up then, and strike your tuneful lyres,
This day a nobler theme invites,
Rouses our thoughts, our bosom fires,
With ardent hopes and new delights.

'Tis Zion's Lord! the Prince of Peace!
Who has with glory reconcil'd
Our lost, degraded, ruined race,
By heavenly love and mercy mild!

Hail, sovereign Lord, and mighty King!
Thy birth's a theme we'll ne'er forget,
The Universe our echoes ring,
Since righteousness and peace have met.

Our grateful Pæans high we'll raise,
And boldly sound the tramp of fame;
We'll chant thy love in hymns of praise,
And sanctify thy glorious name!

C. J. B.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

It is good, it does us good, to retrace our steps and send the memory back along the path of the past, here and there to raise the grateful Ebenezer, and from the retrospect of kindness, unwearied to gather fresh confidence in our heavenly guide and entrust ourselves to Him for all the future. In the life of every one there are scenes, some of joy and some of sorrow, to recall which, is to make us, for the time at least, wiser and better. My own history, as I look back upon a few brief years, saddens, yet refreshes my spirit. It may be, the patient reader will glean from its incidents somewhat of interest and profit too. It was but last week, that I returned to the little village, where for a while the great Master had given me work to do as His Ambassador. I asked for the key of the still untenanted parsonage, that I might shut myself in to commune with the shadowy past. I entered it alone—and yet not so—for memory brought to my side, and hung upon my arm the wife of my youth; and there were my two boys, bounding from room to room and making the house ring with their boyish glee, just as when six years ago we crossed its threshold, and for the first time called it home. But as I passed through its silent halls I felt myself again alone. Each foot-fall struck sadly on the heart, tender remembrances crowded fast and thick upon me, and through the mist of my tears I gazed on each familiar spot. That snug little room was my “study.” Step in, dear reader. That window looks out upon the busy street and beyond to where the sun goes down in its glory; and that other window, how I have loved there to watch that same sun flushing the eastern heavens with the beauty of its first beaming! There, against that wall rose, shelf above shelf, my unpretending library. Edwards, and Dwight, and Jeremy Taylor, and Leighton, and Robert Hall, and Foster, and kindred worthies side by side, in just the nearness of companionship with which faith beholds them now ranging the fields of heaven. Baxter and Bunyan lifting their unassuming heads, like sweet violets, amid the more gorgeous beauties of Chalmers and Melville. And there were Brainerd and Martyn, and other just such spirits breathing the perfume of a precious piety. Close by it stood my well-used desk, the anvil of many a sermon. And above, from out its gilded frame, looked down upon me the tender eye of the beloved pastor of my boyhood, the devoted Pay-

son, with the same anxious brow and earnest expression with which I have often seen him looking from his sacred elevation upon his gathered people. Many a time, as I have gazed upon that sad, still face, his very lips seemed moving, and my soul was hushed as if listening again to his parting charge, when I bade him farewell but a few weeks before his Master called him home. “My young brother, you have chosen a blessed service. Had you ten thousand lives to spend, Jesus would be worthy of them all. Be faithful to the end.” Such was my “study,” a dear and hallowed room. There my tears have fallen, my prayers gone up; and there, the God that heareth prayer, has come down. Thither, in seasons of the gracious outpouring of His Spirit, old and young, the grey-haired sire, the strong man in his prime, the mother with her ever-burdened heart, and the child of unfurrowed brow and curling locks, have come to hear words whereby they might be saved. And there we have wept, and knelt side by side, and prayed, and listened breathlessly to hear the still, small voice, that whispered—“thy sins are forgiven.” What a scene for the angels to look upon, has that room presented! Immortal beings grouped together to do the one great business transcending far in its solemn import every other. Some with their heads bowed like a bulrush, cowering in dread of the storm of Divine wrath; some pouring a burdened heart out in tears and sobs; some silent and dark with the gloom of a despair, that could not weep; and some with a countenance as serene as the loveliest sky, when the storm is passed, and there is not a cloud over all the sunny blue. Souls, that there were born to God, will ye not remember, yes—and sing over that room from thrones in glory? I doubt it not.

I am thinking now of that gentle tap from a timid hand. It was just at this hushed twilight hour. And as I opened the door there stood a daughter, a dear young disciple of Jesus, holding her grey-haired father by the hand. Poor old man! for more than sixty years he had grievously sinned against his Maker and feared no coming judgment. Scarcely once in all that time, had his shadow darkened the house of God. But in his old age sovereign grace had found him out. An arrow from the quiver of God had pierced his heart. For weeks he hid the wound from his praying wife and children, and although he would toss night after night

upon a bed, that brought no sleep to his eyelids, and sit down and rise up again and again from his untouched food, the stubborn man would not confess, that the arrow of the Almighty it was, that was drinking up his spirit. Yet the grace of a Saviour was mightier than he. The quick eye of his daughter was upon him; her tears and prayers followed him. God gave to her pleading voice a power to open the long-pent heart. It was poured out in broken confessions of guilt and misery. And then with what sweet persuasions she drew him to the house of her pastor! "It is my father," said the affectionate girl, as she entered my study that evening; "he's come to ask you if he can find a Saviour. Speak, father, do, and tell him all about it." "O, sir," exclaimed the sobbing old man, "I am the most miserable sinner—I am just ready to perish—I would give all the world for a Saviour—but I don't deserve one." "He is nigh," I replied, "unto all them that call upon Him, He will hear their cry." "But I don't know how to go to Him." "Go tell Him just what you have told me. That you are a most miserable sinner, just ready to perish and that you deserve to perish. Tell Him, that His atoning blood is all your hope and all your trust. Acknowledge that if ever you are saved, the glory of your salvation must all be His; but if you perish, the blame will be all your own." "But will He save me after I have lived so long in sin against Him, and when I have nothing to give Him but powers and faculties worn out in the service of the world?" "Hear Him saying, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out. Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find.' O, go to Him. Cast yourself upon the love, that brought Him down to die for you, and though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." "Do, do, dear father," interrupted the daughter, grasping his hand, and turning to him an eye floating in tenderness. The old man was overcome; his head sank upon his daughter's bosom, his grey hairs were on her cheek; he wept aloud—we all wept. "Sir," he cried, "will you pray for me?" "Yes, but it is *you*, who are to repent; it is *you*, who are to cast yourself upon sovereign mercy for help." It was there, yonder, we knelt side by side, while I commended the trembling sinner to the mercy of Him, "who forgiveth sins only." At my request he followed me in prayer. He was bowed to the very floor in the earnestness and lowliness of his plea, while his daughter bent over him, her hands folded and her fast trickling

tears falling on him. For nearly ten minutes he pleaded for mercy with an agony of supplication that I never heard surpassed; then, as in despair of all further effort, exclaimed, "there, I can do no more—if Jesus will save me, I will praise Him for it for ever; if he will not, I'll never blame him. He must do as He pleases." After a moment's pause, he added—"He may do as He pleases." The struggle was over, the storm of feeling was hushed, and when the old man arose and took his seat again, the serenity of heaven was spreading itself over his countenance. "I do not know what it means," said he, "my anxiety is gone, and I feel so peaceful." The daughter looked up inquiringly, caught the smile of her father's face, and the next moment was in his bosom, sobbing as if her heart would break in the excess of her joy. Wonderfully did her sobs and broken thanks chime in with the angels' song of gladness over the sinner that repenteth. The birth-place of that soul will never be forgotten.

Nor will *she* forget it, who from amid the triumphs of her dying hour, and when her eye was filling with visions of eternal bliss, turned back to speak of the time, when she knelt down weeping there and arose singing. "Twas there I found the hope in Christ, that is my anchor now. Tell my dear pastor, that when I was dying I thanked him for leading me to the Saviour, and will thank him again when I meet him in glory. Bid him be faithful, and there will be many more to welcome him there when his work is done." She smiled farewell, stepped into the cold river, and was soon lost to sight among the glories which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

But we have lingered in that room too long. I turn from it, devoutly grateful to Him, who had permitted me there to witness scenes, that have gladdened the Redeemer's heart and made the angels sing.

And here is another chamber that we may not pass. Enter it softly. It is the chamber of death, and yet of life. The angels of God have been here, and from this chamber of death they took away my boy to heaven. He was dear to us, and dearer for the evidence he gave to the watchful eye of his parents, that, young as he was, he had become, before his last sickness, a Christian. Many will remember his soft dark eye, bright with thought and feeling; the sweet expression of his lovely countenance and the gentle, affectionate manners, that won a way to every heart. His parents will not forget it

all. But they will remember, too, how he loved the Saviour, and that with him the surest argument to win to duty, or deter from wrong, was simply to tell him—this will please, that will grieve the blessed Jesus. To know that he had made the Saviour sorry by his childish misconduct broke his little heart, and sent him to God to tell his trouble there, and sob out a prayer for forgiveness. Dear child, a grieved, reproachful look was all the rod he needed. He had not been with us six years when the Saviour sent for him. He was arrested in his beauty and the rapid expansion of his powers by the scarlet fever in its most malignant form. The first onset of the disease was so violent, that we trembled for his life, and the dear boy himself anticipated death. He spoke of its approach without a shudder. He said one day to his mother—"I want to go home." "You are at home, my dear," she replied. "It is your mother who sits close by you." "No, mother, but I want to go home to heaven." "But, my son, are you willing to leave your dear father and mother, and not play with your brother any more, and lie down in the dark grave?" "Yes, mother, but I shall not stay in the grave. I shall go to heaven." "And what will you do there?" "I will love the dear Saviour, and praise him always." "And why do you think you shall go to heaven, if you die?" "Because I am sorry for my sins, and I love the dear Saviour, and He said—'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and He will not send me away, will he, mother?" "No, my trusting little one, never. Would that your poor father, with as little of the overshadowing of a doubt, could hope for his own acceptance there!"

He had been, when in health, very fond of music, and was himself a sweet singer. He remembered his infant songs in his sickness, and often tried to sing them. At one time he asked his mother to sing his favorite hymn, beginning

"The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide,
Whatever we want He will kindly provide;
To sheep of His pasture His mercies abound,
His care and protection His children surround."

He faintly warbled the first two lines with her, but was too much exhausted; there was too little life in his heart to frame a tune. Dear lamb! he never sung again, till he was laid hushed and happy on the good Shepherd's bosom. One day he sent for his father to come to him. Upon entering his chamber he said to me—"Papa, I want you to pray a prayer for me." "Well, my

dear," said I, "now tell me the very thing you wish me to pray for." "Pray that I may be better and be safe." "But," said I, "suppose God should not wish to make you better and say you must die, what will you say to that?" "That wouldn't be the prayer." "Then tell me over again just what you wish me to pray for." "Pray that I may be better, if the dear Saviour will let me." I knelt by his side, and prayed, while he lay with his hands folded and his eyes closed. As I arose from prayer, I asked—"Is that what you wished me to pray for?" "Yes, papa, now kiss me." I kissed him, then turning a little in his bed, he composed himself for sleep, murmuring broken confessions of sin and words of affection for him, whom he was wont emphatically to call his "dear Saviour." For more than a week his mother was herself confined to another room by sickness, and when permitted to return again, for a few moments, to the chamber of her suffering boy, the joy with which he welcomed that beloved parent to his bed-side shone in every feature of his pale, sweet countenance. Words could not express it. Holding her close to him and with a most earnest look he said—"Now you wont leave me again. You will stay by me always; wont you, dear mother?" She was obliged to tell him that she was not well enough to take care of him. A shade of disappointment passed over his face, but was soon succeeded by a fond consenting smile. Many an older Christian might have learned from this infant disciple a happy lesson of self-denial. It touched the heart to witness the readiness with which he gave up his own pleasure and even entreated his mother to go back to her room and her bed, lest she should make herself sick again by a longer stay.

In the kind Providence of God she was afterwards permitted to return and minister to him through the closing scene. And many and delightful were the brief conversations between mother and son upon heavenly themes. There was much to make us feel how sweetly the precious boy was fitted for that better world and the purer society of which he loved to speak. During the last week of his life he was at times delirious. And never were his simple love and trust in Jesus more beautiful and touching than in those moments of his unconsciousness. Now and then his lips moved softly—we stooped to listen—it was the Saviour's name he murmured. He melted away gradually like a snow-wreath. He died insensible to all around—he sank into a stupor from which he was never aroused until the song of the angels struck on his ear, as he

crossed the threshold of eternity. He passed away at the usual hour of our gathering for the afternoon services of the Church. The bell, that summoned my people to prayer and praise on earth, summoned his young spirit to the temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. His life was short, but *happy*: for he loved everybody and everybody loved him.

It is hard even now, to think, that the dear boy, who used to keep dancing all day long, like a butterfly among the flowers, should go down into the grave so early, with his sweet face and rosy smiles and all the gentle affections that made him dear to a parent's heart. But when I remember who "gathers the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom," I rejoice that I am the father of an angel in heaven,

and I had rather lay my other two down by his side to sleep, than have him back to sin and sorrow here again. I love to take my chair and sit in the very spot where he died, that I may look up along the path of light by which he entered into his rest. I never get so near to heaven, I never see so much of its beauty and breathe so much of its pure air and feel its spirit, as when I am in that room.

I may be a wanderer over the face of the earth, my lot may be cast, my grave dug, far away from the scene of these hallowed associations, but to my latest hour, memory, I doubt not, will linger around that deserted parsonage, nor forget it, when I greet the stars of my re-joining and fold my boy to my heart again in heaven.

WONDERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WE have sometimes felt annoyed with what seemed to us a boastful clamor about the progress beyond all past precedent of the 19th century, about its prodigious strides in knowledge of all sorts, and of conquests over all kinds and degrees of power, save that of Omnipotence itself, and have been ready to accuse ourselves and our small but noisy contemporaries of a disposition to enter with an inconvenient extensiveness into the bragging spirit. It seemed as if we said, "Doubtless wisdom is ours, and was born and will die with us;" as if we regarded all past generations as never having got beyond mature boobyhood, despite their attempts to be and to know something, and notwithstanding all that has been said and sung in praise of "old experience." And yet prone as we are to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think, and to deem the movements of our own times of absorbing importance, it must be granted that thus far the nineteenth century exceeds in historic interest that of any equal portion of time in the annals of the human race. To this conclusion we think almost any mind would be drawn, that should in deliberate detail recal the events of the last forty or fifty years. The mind of the civilized world, though for a great part of the time apparently in a state of unwonted repose, has in truth been fervidly active, and intensely drawn, and external things only seemed to revolve simply because of the

rapidity of the mind's own movement, as the rapidly drawn traveller sees shores and fields in motion, and himself seems at rest unmindful of the optical illusion. If the length of a life, as the poet teaches, is to be reckoned not by the number of its years, but by the measure of its activity, the man of fifty in the nineteenth century may be older than the antediluvian of nine hundred.

We would ask the intelligent reader of fifty years of age to compare in detail, the world as it is in 1845, with the world as it was when he commenced his being, and to mark all the intermediate changes which society has undergone, and, especially, to note the number, magnitude, and rapidity of those changes as compared with those of any other division of history. Where are the sovereigns and cabinets of fifty years ago? All vanished, and not one who was then a monarch, is now more than a handful of dust. The political divisions of Europe have been changed so often, and so materially, that our maps have required entire revision every few years. Within the period in question, is comprehended the career of that great master-spirit of mischief, Napoleon Bonaparte, and the grandest game of war and desolation ever played, is begun, carried on and completed, and the adroit and grim figures that sat at the chess-board of nations in the desperate contest, have nearly all sunk into the long, dull sleep of death. The bronze Cor-

sian, the man of Destiny himself is no more. On the lonely rock of Helena, amid the far off waste of waters, the mighty wizard paid his last tribute to death and nature, while trooping tempests and wrathful storms, and the thundering ocean attended the scene, and the imaginary tread of armies and the fierce battle-shock were the last sounds that fell upon the dull ear of the dying chief.*

Within about twenty of the years we are considering, it has been estimated that two hundred general battles were fought, involving a loss of six or seven millions of human lives at least, besides all the untold and incalculable miseries inseparable from desolating war, and which are indeed the chief miseries inflicted by this gigantic curse. Not they who lie down upon their gory bed on the battle field, but the widows and orphans, the bereaved parents and the ten thousand broken and bleeding circles of affection that survive, are the principal sufferers. The pangs of the dying soldier are soon over, but those of the widow and the childless continue through life.

But the history of the last fifty years is not wholly calamitous and sickening. Even out of the fierce alembic of war, a controlling and benignant Providence has brought a refined social good, and a compensating thoughtful repose, that has afforded scope for the culture of the peaceful arts, and given impulse and guidance to all the interests of civilisation. It is astonishing, the progress of things in all directions. The discoveries of science, almost innumerable, have been immediately wrought into practice and made to minister to our commonest wants. Chemistry goes into the kitchen and makes matches for the maid, and yeast powders for her cakes. It goes into the workshop and assists the artisan in his labors, and renders the most toilsome and tedious of his processes light and pleasant. Steam, which for thousands of years enjoyed no better character than that of a vagrant and valueless exhalation, that obeyed no law and rendered no service, has been found to be one of the most useful, obedient and powerful of agents, and willing to work at anything. It will drive a ship across the ocean, draw thousands of tons of merchandize, or cook your potatoes, and in any labor, however grand or menial, will prove itself far more manageable than blood and sinews. The changes wrought

* Napoleon, it will be remembered, died in the midst of a terrible tempest, and his last words were *tête d'armée*, uttered under the delirious impression that he was engaged in a battle.

by the introduction of steam as a mechanical agent are almost incredible, and certainly if any man at the beginning of this century had ventured to predict them, he would have been deemed a lunatic for his pains. Still more extravagant would he have been thought, if he had ventured to prophesy that in 1844 intelligence would be conveyed from Baltimore to Washington, and an answer returned in three minutes. And yet our readers know that this has been repeatedly accomplished by means of the electro-magnetic telegraph of Professor Morse, and in a few years no doubt a similar communication will be established between all our principal commercial cities, and messages will pass from Boston to New Orleans in a few seconds.

The growth and prosperity of this country has been great and rapid without a parallel in the history of the world. Within a single lifetime within the memory of multitudes yet living, it has risen in population, wealth and enterprise, to an extent never realized by any nation in ancient or modern times. And it has risen not by wars of conquest and crime, not by the invasion of defenceless territories, not by treading upon the necks of subdued tribes of men, but by the peaceful arts, by homely and toilsome industry, by daring and large-minded enterprise, by honorable competition in every market of the world, by generous institutions wisely administered and cheerfully obeyed; by liberal advances to men of all climes, and by the benignity of God's providence shining upon her, has her mighty growth been nurtured into almost exclusive greatness.

The cities upon the sea-board have led the way and largely shared in the prosperity of the nation: and none in a more remarkable degree than the city of New York. The rapidity with which it has reached its present size, wealth and splendor, wears more the air of romance than of sober history. One hundred and fifty years ago, the whole amount of property in the now chartered limits of the city was assessed at the value of 99,000 pounds, and was owned by 300 persons, and the whole amount of tax levied was 450 dollars. In the same year, the authorities of the city offered rewards for the destruction of wolves, by which the place was then infested. The whole number of vessels belonging to the port was three barks, three brigantines, twenty-six sloops, and forty-six open boats, and the whole number of cartmen employed was twenty. About the same time, sixteen acres of land, in what is now called the

Bowery, were sold for one fat capon a year during the life-time of the seller. In 1730, the entire population was 8,638. In 1744, the whole number of houses was 1141, of which 129 only were between Broadway and the North River. Compare the present city with the New York of fifty or a hundred years ago, and the change seems almost miraculous.

In medical and surgical science, the last fifty years have witnessed decided improvement. The discovery of vaccination, by which the loathsome horrors of the small-pox were arrested, of itself constituted an epoch in history. As a result, partly of improved medical treatment, and partly of other causes, the average length of human life, at least in large cities, is almost doubled within 150 years, as we learn from the bills of mortality. And it would afford scope for curious reflection to inquire into the combined operation upon population of improved medical treatment, the increased comforts of living, the long cessation of war, the growth of temperance and cleanliness, and the prevalence of the domestic virtues. These and other causes are in operation now as they never were before, and those philosophers who have been wont to be alarmed, lest the world should be overstocked with population, have increasing reason to tremble. We, however, are quite willing and desirous that the experiment shall be made to the fullest extent, and have no apprehension about the result.

The general diffusion of intelligence is one of the great achievements of the last fifty years. Many now living, well remember that in childhood there were no books prepared with refer-

ence to their improvement. Ridiculous stories about ghosts and goblins with eyes as big as saucers, the tragic history of Cock Robin, the House that Jack Built, Mother Goose, and the like, were the nursery classics of those days. What a glorious change has followed! Scarcely a family now exists into which useful information in some form has not found its way. The extreme cheapness of useful books, and the care taken to simplify abstruse subjects, so that children can comprehend them, are worthy of notice and admiration.

But the grand glory of the last half century has been the improvement of the world's moral condition, and the commencement of the missionary spirit, or rather the re-awakening of that spirit in the church of Christ. Fifty years ago and Egyptian darkness rested on all the heathen nations, and spread over all the islands of the sea. Now hundreds of school-houses, and churches, and missionary stations, throw the light of life upon millions of minds, and the largest church at present in the world is found on what was then heathen ground. And while the original diffusive spirit of Christianity has been revived, we believe civilized and Christian nations have been growing better. We do not believe with some that the world is growing worse. We see other signs multiplying around us. We cannot prolong this article by specifying the grounds of our belief, but they are such as animate our hopes and strengthen our faith in the glorious promises of the Word of God, and prompt us to give thanks and look forward in full expectation that the kingdoms of this world will soon become the kingdoms of the Lord.

ISABEL MONCRIEF,

OR, A THUNDER-STORM DELIVERANCE.

"FLY, Richard, fly for my sake, if not your own; God will be my Shepherd and the lamb will be safe in his keeping," said Isabel; though until that morning she had never confessed, even to her own heart, that she loved.

"But how can I fly and leave thee here? What shall I gain but life, by flight, and what will life be worth without thee, Isabel? No, let me tarry here and run the risk of discovery. God is our Shepherd, and I will trust him for us both."

It was in the summer of 1685, in the midst of the fiercest struggles of the Scotch Covenanters that the scene of this tale of romantic interest is laid. Two hundred years have elapsed since it was deemed the duty of the ruling Church, to chase the psalmsinging Covenanters into the dens of the earth; where, far from the habitations of men, but hard by the throne of grace, they sang and prayed, and were happy too.

In these quiet times of all but millennial peace, we find it hard to believe that so lately in our

father-land the fires of persecution lighted the hills and valleys, and the blood of men and maidens flowed like water, as the bayonets or bludgeons of hired ruffians were used to enforce submission. The story of John Brown of Priest Hill is even now regarded rather as a fiction than a stern reality, the like of which so seldom stains the annals of the world, not to say the church, that we love to doubt it, rather than to feel that the monsters whom it immortalizes were our fellow men.

The year after the murder of this pastor before the eyes of his wife, whom Claverhouse asked, as she held her dead husband's head in her lap, "*And what think ye of him now?*" to which savage taunt she answered with heroism worthy of undying record—"*I aye thought much of him, and now more than ever;*" the year after this, a party of young men, in the valley of Douglas Water, were marched as victims of the persecuting power, and having vainly endeavored to find a resting-place in the neighborhood of their friends, they sought shelter in the Highlands of Nithsdale. Among the majestic hills of old Scotia there is scarcely to be found scenery more bold and more interesting, from its associations with bloody scenes that transpired in that region during the time that tried the souls of the Covenanters, in the days of their exile from the courts of the Lord. "On the south, the range of the Galloway hills rises to the view; on the west the dreary solitudes of Kyle; on the east the heathy mountains of Crawford-Moor; and on the north, the majestic Tinto, waving afar his misty mantle, and revealing through the opening of its folds, the ruddy scars which the angry buffeting of the storms has made on his shaggy and time-worn sides. The whole of this wide district was traversed in its breadth and length for many a tedious year, by the holy men who jeopardized their lives on the high places of the field, in support of that cause in which they had honestly embarked; and many a tale, if hills and glens could speak, might perchance be told of those devoted men, which the report of former days has failed to echo to our times." So writes the historian to whose labors we are indebted for much of the little which has been put on record of those perilous and memorable times.

Another historian, writing of those same wonderful men, says "they were hunted like beasts of prey from moss to mountain, from cliff to cavern. In vain did they make their beds in the dark heaths beneath the canopy of heaven, or the natural caves in the rocky glens, or in

artificial lurking-places among the shaggy thickets." "The people were hunted from their homes and shot to death in the fields without mercy; their houses were pillaged and then reduced to ashes, the women and children being abused, and then left to houseless misery and starvation."

The valley of Douglas-Water was invaded by a gang of dragoons, and the six young men of whom we have spoken, were compelled to seek safety by flying to the southward among the Nithsdale mountains. Here they found a peaceful retreat in a secluded place then known as now by the name of Glenshillock, not far from Cogshead, a farm-house delightfully planted in a sweet valley, an asylum which seemed too pure for the footstep of a bloody invader. In a thicket they lay concealed, and might have been happy had it not been that they were afraid to venture out for food. This was brought to them from the farm-house. Isabel, the farmer's daughter, a fine girl of eighteen, with a spirit as high and daring as the hills in which she had been cradled, was as resolute a friend of the Covenant as any of those whose names were subscribed to the deed at Grayfriars church in Edinburgh, where sixty thousand Scotchmen were gathered. She thought she loved all who loved the church, and she did not know, until the morning our story opens, that she loved one more than another of the covenanting people of God. But Isabel had not ministered to these exiled youth without awakening in them the tenderest feelings towards herself; and while all looked on her as an angel of mercy hovering near to supply their wants, and cheer them in their mountain-hiding place, one of them had learned that she was *not* an angel of the spirit race, but a being around whom the feelings of his heart clung, and for whom he would willingly die, and with whom it would be sweet to live. Richard had watched her with a beating heart as each morning she had passed near their covert, and deposited within their reach a supply of food for the day; and love had not been dull in finding ways and means to inform the devoted Isabel that he felt something more than gratitude for his preserver.

Under the cover of night he had ventured to the farm-house and there had told the tale of his sufferings for conscience sake, of the mother and sisters whom he had been forced to leave, of his wanderings among the hills, and his final refuge in the thicket which he must have deserted ere this had not she whom he now addressed, ministered daily to his, and his

companions' wants, and brought them food in the desert.

Those were hard times for lovers. It was no strange thing in those days for a cave to be the only spot for a bridal, and while some stood without to watch for the approach of the persecutor, within, the good pastor joined the hands of a youthful pair whose hearts had long been one. Often while these scenes were in progress has the shrill whistle been the signal of the enemy's coming, and a short prayer and a hasty kiss, but sweet, being over, the men rushed down upon the invader, and blood and death mingled with the trembling joys of a marriage hour.

Such scenes were common in the days of which we are writing, and when Richard went on to speak of his love for the noble-hearted Isabel, and finally, after having spent a few short evenings in her company, when he came to ask her to be his bride; it would have been no strange thing if she had shrunk from the perils to which she might yet be exposed as the wife of one whose blood was scented by the hounds of persecution among the hills of his native land. But she loved him the more that he was thus singled out by the enemy. There were many of the youth of her own neighborhood who had sought her hand in vain, for she had no heart for the man who had not the heart of a Covenanter. She gloried in the spirit of the times in which she lived, and spurned the offers of those who tamely bowed to the terms of the oppressor. And never, till she met these young exiles, willing to suffer for the great truth their fathers had vowed to maintain in life and in death, had she felt the strong tide of a woman's love swelling in her full soul. She loved Richard, but she dreamed not that he was dearer to her than her own life, till the morning that she stole out to the hiding-place and bore to him the message that the troopers of Drumlanrig, under the lead of that savage Chief, were in search of the refugees, having heard that they were secreted in that vicinity.

This was the moment, and these the trying circumstances under which the heroic Isabel, now the plighted one of Richard, sought him, and prayed him as he loved her, to fly and seek his safety in some more sequestered spot.

Richard refused. Why should he leave her, and where could he be safe if not near her who had watched him like a guardian angel? He went back and counselled with his companions. Three of them determined to fly without a moment's delay; and the other three, includ-

ing Richard, resolved to stay where they were and trust to their seclusion. Isabel returned by the narrow and dangerous path which she had learned well by daily travel, and in sadness prayed that he whom she loved might escape the pursuer.

The troopers in three divisions were scouring the country, and having heard that Richard and his friends had been seen in that region, felt sure of their prey. The band, headed by Drumlanrig himself, fell in with a boy who knew their hiding-place. Drumlanrig drew his sword, and threatened to run the little fellow through unless he revealed the secret, but the brave boy refused at the very point of death, and his life would have been taken on the spot had not the monster hoped by persuasion and gentleness to obtain from him what he could not extort by force. But as they were coming down the north side of the mountain they stumbled upon the spot where Richard and his three friends were hid; and the three that had not made their escape were seized in an instant, bound and dragged in triumph over the hill.

A miserable imprisonment and death were before them, but with spirits unconquered, calmly trusting to Him whom they served and would worship in their own way, they submitted to their inevitable fate. But the hour of man's extremity is God's opportunity. There He loves to make bare his almighty arm, and by a sudden revelation of his power, display his ability to help his people when every earthly helper fails. In mountainous regions, and especially in those mountains of Scotland, a sudden thunder-storm is nothing unusual. The rapidity with which the clouds gather, and the grandeur with which they rise, and swell, and burst, while yet the high sun touches their edges with golden hues, and cheats the unsuspecting traveller into the feeling of security, are often the subject of Fine Art with those who are familiar with the region.

"So terrific sometimes," says Simpson, "is the explosion from the clouds, and the gush of waters from the teeming firmament, as to quell the stoutest heart. In those cases the fiery bolts, falling incessantly on the hills, tear up the surface for a great space around. And the tumultuous descent of the waters, covering the green sides of the hills with a white foam, gathers into a torrent which carries moss and soil and rocks promiscuously to the vale beneath, and forms all at once a trench adown the steep declivity, which afterwards becomes the channel of a mountain rivulet. It was with one of

these storms that Drumlanrig and his party were visited, and which had been gathering over them unperceived. When the dragoons who led the three prisoners were within a short distance of "the martyr's knowe," a romantic elevation at the lower end of a deep ravine, the first burst of thunder rattled its startling peal over their heads. The horses snorted, and the sheep on the neighboring heath crowded together as if for mutual protection. The rapid descent of the hail, the loud roaring of the thunder, like the simultaneous discharge of a hundred cannon from the battlements of the hills, and the flashing of the sheeted lightning in the faces of the horses, rendered them unmanageable, and they fled in every direction like the fragments of an army that had been signally routed on the battle-field. In the confusion, Drumlanrig himself, panic-struck, as when Heaven bears testimony by terrible things in righteousness against the ungodly when caught in their deeds of wickedness, fled from the face of the tempest, reckless both of his men and of his prisoners, provided he could obtain a place of shelter.

When the soldiers saw their master retreating with such precipitancy from the warring of the elements, they followed his example and let go the captives. The three worthy men stood undaunted in the storm, because they knew that the God who guided its fury was He in whose cause they were suffering; and though it was regarded with consternation by their enemies, it was hailed as a friendly deliverer by them

who were incessantly exposed to the ravages of a wrathful persecution, compared with which the fierce raging of the elements was mildness itself.

Richard and his friends, now set at liberty by the immediate interposition of Almighty power, lost no time in making good their escape. As they fled, they found the boy whom Drumlanrig had threatened to kill, and by him Richard was able to send word to Isabel of his wonderful deliverance by the awful storm. All these events had transpired within a mile of her father's house; she had seen the gathering of the clouds, and had heard the roaring of the thunder among the hills, and her heart had been going out in prayer continually that God would save her own Richard from the rage of his bloodthirsty foes.

She was at prayer when the tidings of the capture and the escape were brought to her, and that night there was joy unspeakable over the wonderful mercy of a covenant-keeping God.

A short time afterwards Richard found his way to Glenshillock, and Isabel, in the quiet confidence of her true heart, was waiting to receive him. As soon as the troubles of the times were in a measure over, she became his bride; and the memory of the story we have told has been handed down from their children to the present day among the Traditions of the Covenanters. All but the "love story" has its proper place in the history of those days of fear.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

WHEN darkness and gloom the wide heavens enshroud,
I hail it with rapture, that bow in the cloud,
And it raises my spirit above;
For there in those beauteous hues I see
A message an angel has written for me—
"The God of all glory is Love."

'Tis thus, when the storms of affliction impend,
A bow in the cloud seems to smile as a friend,
Dispelling the sorrow of gloom.
Bright emblem of mercy undying and free,
Beam on, and in life's latest eve may I see
Thy form in the cloud o'er the tomb.

O FOR A SONG.

Voice.
 1. Oh for a song of

ho - - ly joy, Of pure and lof - - ty praise,

O FOR A SONG.

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That shall the heirs of grace employ, Throughout their

fleet - - ing days.

2. A song that when my race is o'er,
And I am in the tomb,
Shall echo still from shore to shore,
For ages yet to come.

3. That song Redeeming Love should tell,
That trod the op'ning grave,
That triumph'd over death and hell,
A dving world to save.

THE PARLOR TABLE.

Annals for 1845, do not seem to be as numerous nor so attractive as they have been in years past; and, in fact, they have degenerated so rapidly and far, that we wonder not that the taste of our educated people demands something more worthy of enlightened minds. As exhibitions of the state of the arts, so far as paper, printing, engraving, &c., are concerned, some of our annuals have been eminently worthy of encouragement, but their literature has wanted that elegance and strength which should be their chief attraction. In the place of the annuals, we commend to our friends who seek in the walks of letters for holiday gifts, the works of *Charlotte Elizabeth*, the *Memoirs of Mary Lundie Duncan*, and other volumes which will be ornamental and instructive, and never, like an old almanac or annual, out of date.

The Drama of Exile, and other Poems, by ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

A handsome edition of these poems has recently been published by the Langleys, and we are thereby enabled to enjoy by the seeing of the eye, what we have long known by the hearing of the ear. Though the works of this rare poetess have long been the property of the public, it is but a short period since they received the countersign of criticism, and began to reap that celebrity they so richly merit. They have met the rude gaze of that evil eye which confines its observation to dress and manner, and have been dismissed with the customary half-smiling, half-sneering approval, to the common-sense judgment of the sovereign people; and this sovereignty is likely to make up its verdict not upon poetical mannerism, but poetical essence—not upon the how, but the what. True poetry, like true religion, is adapted to every class of mind, for the region of its presence and power is deep within the soul, and its magic sceptre commands obedience in every heart alike, though unequally. A poet himself sings,

"As when in the north the storm-wind roars,
Man knows not whence the deluge it pours—
As the springs of the bottomless ocean—
E'en thus doth the song from the inner tides roll
And pile up on high the waves of the soul
That sleep in their lullaby motion."

And like unto this is the poetry of Miss Barrett, the creation of a fancy, which hovers around the realities of life, and looks in with sympathy upon every circle of sorrow or rejoicing, always

with charity, and always with hope: and its presence lights up the sadness or gently tempers the rejoicing with so happy success, that we feel it is neither misanthropic nor feverish, but the words of truth and soberness. With all this admirable fitness to waken the responsive chord in every breast, she has received from God the precious gifts of the fine frenzy which gazes with a kindred enthusiasm upon the good and fair about and above it, and listens with awe to the sweet voices, that are ascending and descending, while the world sleeps the sleep of sin. But we are wandering too far from our present design, which was to recommend the present volume as a substitute for any Annual we have yet seen, as a gift for the holidays; for we thus judge, that wherever it shall be found on the parlor table, there the body is in that family esteemed of more value than raiment, and the food of the soul than the lust of the eye.

History of the Reformation in Germany, by Leopold Ranke. Translated from the German by SARAH AUSTIN. Lea & Blanchard. Part 1. Price 25 cents.

The tide of cheap publications promises among its numerous evils to bring also some blessings, among which latter class may be reckoned such works as those of Ranke. Beyond all question, this is the fullest and most judicious compilation of historical materials, relating to that high and broad stand-point of social and moral progress, the Reformation in Germany. The author's deductions and theory may not always coincide with our own, but he never obscures facts nor obliterates truths with special pleading. The work is full of interest for our times, and teaches many a lesson we would do well to hold fast in our memory. It will be completed in about four parts.

The Holy Catholic Church. By Bishop McILVAINE.

We are not trenching upon contested territory, in giving a passing commendation of the Catholic and fervent spirit of this volume. The position of the author is, of course, a controversial one, and upon this point we need express no opinion; but the gentleness, united with the earnestness of the author's manner, furnishes examples, which all Christians would honor their Master in copying, and which would contribute essentially to rendering the church of the Lord Jesus both holy and catholic.

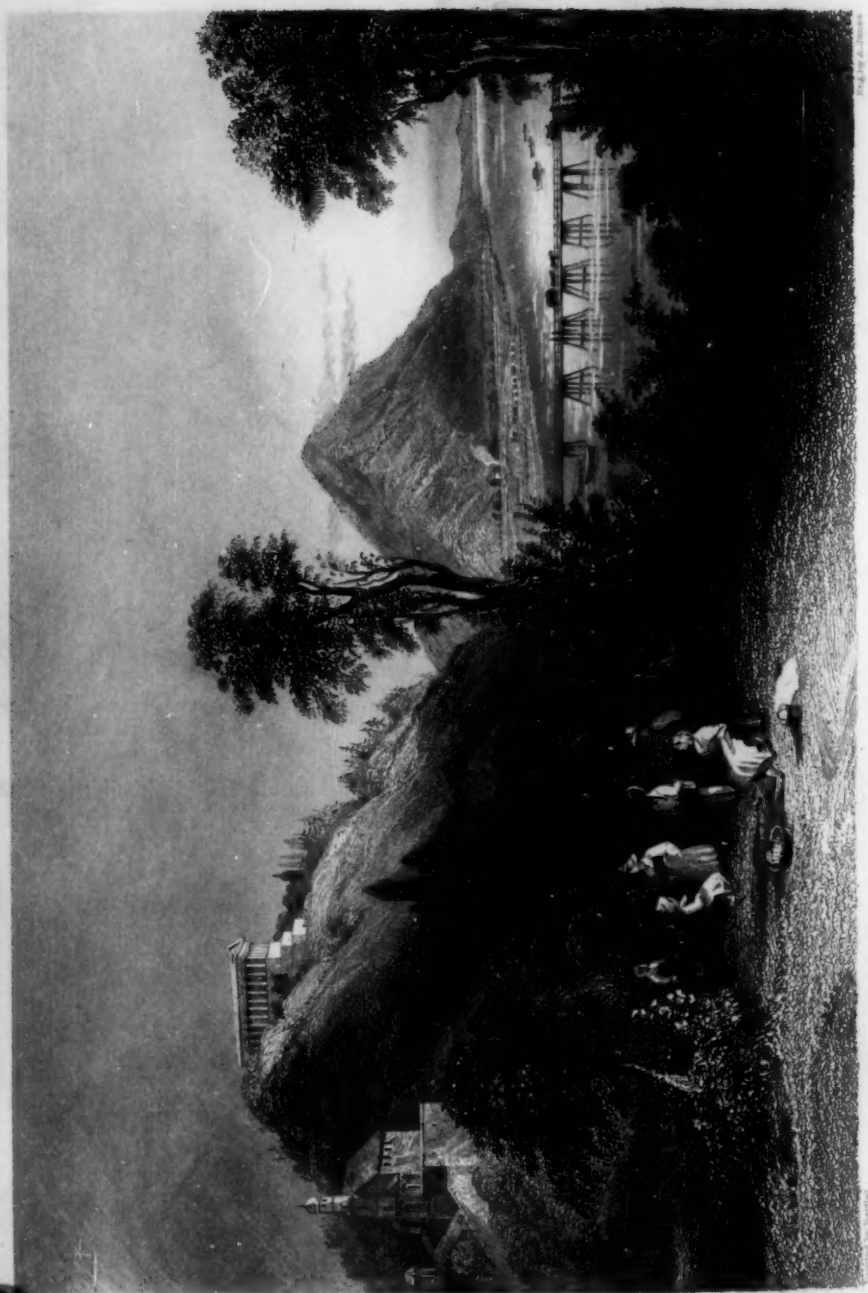
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THE GREAT ROCK, N. H.

Engraved from the original drawing by J. H. P. S.

Engraved by J. H. P. S.



Aquilegia Canadensis